

Windsor-Drollery.

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AN EXACT  
COLLECTION

Of the Newest *Source*  
*D. 26.*  
Songs, Poems, and Catches,

Now In Use

Both in CITY and Coun-  
trey.

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Collected by a Person of Quality.

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N E W  
SONGS *A-la-mode* :  
B O T H  
*Amorous and Jovial.*

By the WITS of this AGE.

SONG I.

- S. **H**OW unhappy a Lover am I,  
Whilst I sigh for my *Phyllis* in vain;  
All my hopes of delight, are another mans right,  
That is happy whilst I am in pain.
- H. Since her Honour affords no relief,  
As to pity the pains that you bear:  
'Tis the best of your fate, in a helpless estate,  
To give over betimes to despair.
- S. I have tryed the false Medicine in vain,  
Yet I wisht what I hope not to win,  
From without, my desires have no food to their fires,  
but they burn and consume me within.
- H. Yet at worst 'tis a comfort to know  
That you are not unhappy alone;  
For the Nymph you adore is as wretched, or more;  
And accounts all your sufferings her own.
- S. O you powers let me suffer for both,  
At the feet of my *Phyllis* I'll live:

I'll resign up my breath, and take pleasure in death,  
To be pity'd by her when I dye.

H. What her honour deny'd you in life,  
After death she will give to her love :  
Such a flame as is true, after-fate will renew,  
For the souls do meet freely above.

*Song 2.*

**F**rom the fair *Lavinian* shore,  
I your Markets come to store,  
Musc not though so far I dwell,  
And my wares come here to sell ;  
Such is the sacred Hunger of Gold,  
Then come to my pack,  
Where I cry,  
What do you lack,  
What do you buy,  
For here it is to be sold.  
You whose birth and breeding base,  
Are rank'd into a nobler race ;  
And whose Parents heretofore  
Neither Arms, nor Scutcheons bore :  
First let me have but a touch of your Gold,  
Then come to me Lad,  
You shall have,  
What your Dad  
Never gave,  
For here it is to be sold.  
Madam, for your wrinkled face,  
Here's Complexion it to grace,  
Which, if your earnest be but small,  
It takes away the vertue all,  
But if your Palms are anointed with gold  
Then you shall seem  
Like a Queen  
Of fifteen,  
Though you are three score year old.

ath,

Song 3.

**N**Ow the weather is warm,  
 There's no catching of harm,  
 And I am resolv'd to go venture :  
 Ile go get me a Wife  
 She shall lead such a life  
 She shall never have cause to repent her.  
 All night in my arms,  
 I will keep her from harms ;  
 And thus, thus with my charms will I win her :  
 In the morn ere we're up,  
 Chacolar a quart cup,  
 We both will drink off before dinner.  
 And after noon-tide,  
 Both I and my Bride,  
 To the Tavern will ride, and so brave it ;  
 With Fiddlers a score,  
 Twelve dishes and more,  
 We ne'r shall be poor while we have it.  
 Before it be dark,  
 To a Play, or Hide Park,  
 And home by Spring-Garden we'l rattle ;  
 Whilst our Neighbours with Wine  
 Do ripple like Swine,  
 And their Wives are as drunk with their prattle.  
 When our children are grown,  
 And their humours are known ;  
 To follow blind Fortune her ranges,  
 The Boys shall be such  
 They shall humble the Dutch,  
 And our Wenches shall sow on the Changes:

Song 4.

**W**E'le call for our Barge, and to Lambeth we'll  
 The Fishes our footmen shall be ; (row,  
 The Swans that now silently swim too and fro,  
 Shall dye with their singing to thee.

Song

Well

We'll row, and we'll rest; we'll smile and we'll kiss,  
 And Neptune himself shall envy our bliss.  
 Our drink shall be that which the gods do delight in,  
 But Nectar beyond any theirs.

Our servants shall tippie Canary till fighting,  
 Who first shall pledg thee and thine heirs:  
 See; each hath already his cup to the brim,  
 And all our attendants in liquor shall swim.

*Song 5.*

**B** Right *Celia* know, 'twas not thine eyes,  
 Alone that first did me surprize;  
 The gods use seldome to dispense,  
 To your Sex beauty and Conscience.  
 If then they have made me untrue,  
 The fault lies not in me but you;  
 Sure 'tis no crime to break a vow,  
 When we are first I know not how.

You press me an unusual way,  
 To make my song my love betray,  
 Yet fear you'll turn it to a jest,  
 And use me as y'ave done the rest  
 Of these sad Captives which complain,  
 Yet are enamoured of their flame,  
 And though they dye for love of you,  
 Dare neither love nor you pursue.

If love be sin, why live you then,  
 To make so many guilty men?  
 Since 'tis not in the power of art  
 To make a breast-plate for the heart.  
 Since 'tis your eyes loves shafts convey  
 Into our Souls a secret way,  
 Where if once fixt, no herb nor charm  
 Can cure us of our inward harm.

## Song 6.

**B**eneath a Myrtle-shade,  
Which none but love for happy Lovers made :  
I leapt, and strait my Love before me brought  
Phyllis, the object of my waking thought.  
Undrest she came, my flames to meet,  
Whilst love strew'd flowers beneath her feet,  
Flowers that so prest, by her, became more sweet.

From the bright Virgins head,  
A careless veil of lawn was loosely spread :  
From her white Temples fell her shady hair,  
Like cloudy Sun-shine, not too brown, nor fair :  
Her hands, her lip, did love inspire,  
Her every grace my heart did fire,  
But most her eyes, that languish with desire.  
Ah charming face, said I,  
How long can you my bliss and yours deny ?  
By nature and by love, this lovely shade  
Was for revenge of suffering Lovers made.  
Silence and shades with love agree,  
Both Shelter you, and favour me ;  
You cannot blush, because I cannot see,  
No, rather let me die, she said,  
Then lose the spotless name of Maid ;  
Faintly methought she spoke, for all the while,  
She bid me not believe her, with a smile ;  
Then die, said I, she still deni'd,  
And is it thus, thus, she cry'd,  
You use a harmless maid, and so she dy'd.  
I wak'd, and strait I knew  
I lov'd so well, it made my dream prove true,  
Fancy, the kinder Mistress of the two,  
I fancy'd love had done what Phyllis would not do.  
Ah cruel Nymph, cease your disdain,  
Whilst I can dream, you scorn in vain,  
A sleep or waking, I must ease my pain.

*Song 7.*

**L**ove that is screw'd a pin too high,  
 May speak, but with a squeeze will die.  
 The solid Lover knows not how  
 To play the Changeling with his vow:  
 Small sorrows may find vent, and break,  
 Great ones will rather burst than speak:  
 Such is my fortune when my *Cloris* frowns,  
 Not only me, but the the whole World drowns:  
 Thus am I drench'd in misery,  
 Yet hope she may be kind to me:  
 I, but 'tis long first, could she but restrain  
 Those kindneses which I'de be glad to gain;  
 She'll surely do't, if so, it shall be known  
 I lov'd her for her own sake, not my own.  
 Thus will I live and die, and so will be  
 Exemplary to all Posterity.

*Song 8.*

**M**Y Love is full of noble Pride,  
 And never can submit,  
 To tutter for discretion, ride  
 In triumph over wit.  
 False friends I have as well as you,  
 Which daily counsel me  
 Fame and Ambition to pursue,  
 And leave off loving thee.  
 When I the least relief bestow  
 On what such fools advise;  
 May I be dull enough to grow  
 Most miserably wise

*Song 9.*

**A** Lover I am, and a Lover I'll be, (free.  
 And hope, from my true Love, I shall never be  
 Com be blam'd in the grave woman-hater,  
 Nor never to love, is a sign of ill nature.  
 But he that loves well, and whose passion is strong,  
 Shall never be witt bel, but ever be young. With

With hopes and with fears, like a Ship in the Ocean  
Our hearts are kept dancing, and ever in motion.  
When our passion is pallid, and our fancy would fail,  
A little kind quarrel supplies a fresh gale;  
And when the doubts clear'd, and the jealousy's gone,  
How we kiss, and embrace, and can never have done.

Song 10.

**W**hen Daisies py'd, and Violets blue,  
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hue;  
And Lady-smocks all silver white,  
Do paint the Meadows with delight,  
The Cuckow then on every tree,  
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,  
Cuckow, Cuckow, a word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear.

When Shepherds pipe on Oaten-straws,  
And merry Larks are Plough-mens Clocks,  
When Turtles tread, and Rooks, and Daws,  
And Maids bleach their Summer-smocks,  
The Cuckow then on every tree,  
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,  
Cuckow, Cuckow, a word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear.

Song 11.

**S**ay Shepherd, prethee shepherd stay,  
Didst thou not see her run this way?  
Where she may be canst thou not guess?  
Alas, I've lost my Shepherdess.

I fear some Satyr hath betray'd  
My pretty Lamb unto the shade:  
Then woe is me, for I'm undone;  
For in the shade she was my sun.

In summer-heat were she not seen,  
No solitary Vale was green;  
The blooming hills, the downy meads  
Bear not a flower but where she treads.

Hu!t were the senseless trees when she  
 Sate but to keep them company;  
 The silver streams were swell'd with pride,  
 When she sate singing by their side.

The Pink, the Cowslip, and the Rose,  
 Strive to salute her where she goes;  
 And then contend to kiss her shoo,  
 The Pancy and the Daisie too.

But now I wander on the plains,  
 Forake my home and fellow Swains;  
 And must, for want of her, I see,  
 Resolve to die in misery.

For when I think to find my Love  
 Within the bosom of a Grove,  
 Methinks the Grove bids me forbear,  
 And sighing saies, she is not here.

Next do I fly unto the Woods,  
 Where *Flora* pranks her self with buds;  
 Thinking to find her there, but loe,  
 The Myrtles and the shrubs say no.

Then what shall I unhappy do?  
 Or whom shall I complain unto?  
 No, no, here I'm resolv'd to die,  
 Welcome sweet death and destiny.

SONG. 12.

O H fain would I before I die  
 Bequeath to thee a Legacy;  
 That thou maist say when I am gone,  
 None had my heart but thee alone.

Had I as many hearts as hairs,  
 As many lives as Lovers fears;  
 As many lives as years have hours,  
 They all and only should be yours.

Dearest



Dearest, before you condescend  
To entertain a bosom-friend,  
Be sure you know your servant well,  
Before your liberty you sell :

For love's a fire in young and old,  
'Tis sometimes hot, and sometimes cold;  
And men you know, when that they please,  
They can be sick of loves Disease :  
Then wisely chuse a friend that may  
Last for an age, not for a day ;  
Who loves thee not for lip and eye,  
But for thy mutual sympathy.

Let such a friend thy heart engage,  
For he will comfort thee in age,  
And kiss thy furrow'd, wrinkled brow,  
With as much joy as I do now.

## Song 13:

**A**S we went wandring all the night,  
The Brewers Dog our brains did bite ;  
Our heads grew heavy, and our heels grew light,  
And we lik'd our humour well, Boys ;  
And we lik'd our humour well.

Our Hostess then bid us pay her score ;  
We call'd her Whore, and we paid her no more,  
And we kick'd our Host quite out of the dore,  
And we lik'd our humour, &c.

And as we went wandring along the street,  
We trod the Kennels under our feet,  
And quarrel'd with every post we did meet,  
And we lik'd &c.

The Constable then with his staff in his hand,  
He bid us, if we were men, to stand ;  
We told him he had us do more than we can,  
And we lik'd &c.

Our Hostels's Cellar it is our bed,  
 Upon the Barrels we lay our head;  
 The night is our own, for the Devil is dead,  
 And we lik'd our Humour well, Boys;  
 And we like our Humour well.

*Song 14.*

**A** Wife I do hate;  
 For either she's false, or she's jealous:  
 But give me a Mate  
 That nothing will ask, or tell us  
 She stands on no terms,  
 Nor chaffers by way of Indenture:  
 Nor loves for your Farms,  
 But takes the kind man at adventure:  
 If all prove not right,  
 Without act, process, or warning;  
 From a Wife for a night  
 You may be divorc'd in the morning:  
 Where Parents are slaves,  
 Their Bratts cannot be any other:  
 Great Wits, and great Braves  
 Have alwaies a Punck for their Mother.

*Song 15.*

**N** Ever perswade me to't, I vow  
 I live not: how canst thou  
 Expect a life in me,  
 Since my soul is fled to thee.  
 You suppose because I walk,  
 And you think talk,  
 I therefore breath; alas you know  
 Shades as well as men do so.  
 You may argue I have hear,  
 My pulses beat,  
 My sighs have in them living Fire.  
 Grant your Argument be truth,  
 Such heats my youth

Inflame as poysons do only prepare,  
To make death their follower.

Song 16.

**T**O little or no purpose I've spent many daies,  
In ranging the *Park*, the *Exchange* and the *Plays*:  
Yet ne'r in my ramble, till now did I prove  
So happy to meet with the man I could love:  
But oh! how I'm pleas'd when I think on the man,  
That I find I must love, let me do what I can.  
How long I shall love him, I can no more tell  
Than, had I a Feaver, when I should be well:  
My passion shall kill me, before I will shew it;  
And yet I would give all the World he did know it:  
But oh! how I sigh when I think he shall woo  
(me,  
That I cannot deny what I know will undo me.

Song 17.

**L**Ike a Dog with a Bottle fast ty'd to his tail;  
Like a Vermin in a Trap, or a Thief in a Jayl;  
Like a Tory in a Bog,  
Or an Ape with a Clog;  
Even such is the man, who when he may go free,  
Doth his liberty lose,  
In a Matrimony noose;  
And sells himself into Captivity.

The Dog he doth howl when the Bottle doth jogg;  
The Vermin, the Thief, and the Tory, in vain  
On the Trap, on the Jayl, on the Quagmire complain:  
But wel fare the Pugg;  
For he plays with his clogg,  
And though he wou'd be rid on't rather than his life,  
Yet he hugs and he tugs it as a man doth his Wife.

Song 18.

**A**LL the flatteries of Fare,  
And the pleasures of States,

There's

There's nothing so sweet as what Love does create.  
 If to love you deny,  
 It is time I should die;  
 Kind Death's a Reprieve, when you threaten your hate.

In some shady Grove  
 Will I wander and rove,  
 With the Nightingale and the disconsolate Dove;  
 With a down hanging wing  
 Will I mournfully sing  
 The Tragick Events of unfortunate Love.

With our plaints we'll conspire  
 To heighten Loves fire,  
 Still languishing little, at length we expire:  
 And when I am dead,  
 In a cold leafie bed,

To be interr'd with the Dirge of th'disconsolate Quire

*Song 19.*

I'll go to my Love where he lies in the Deep,  
 And in my Embraces my Dearest shall sleep:  
 When we wake, the kind Dolphins about us shall throng,  
 And in Chariots of shell shall draw us along,  
 The Orient Pearl that the Ocean bestows,  
 We'll mix with the Coral, our Crowns to compose.  
 Then the Sea-Nymphs shall grieve, and envy our bliss  
 We'll teach them to love, and the Cockles to kiss.

For my Love sleeps now in his watry Grave,  
 Has nothing to shew for his Tomb but a Wave.  
 I'll kiss his dear Lips, than the Coral more red,  
 That grows where he lies in his watery bed:

Ah! ah! ah! my Love is dead.

There was not a Bell, but a Tortoise-shell  
 To ring, to ring, to ring my Loves Knell.

Ah my Love's dead! There was not a Bell,  
 But a Tortoise-shell to ring my Loves Knell.

## SONG III.

GO thy way, go thy way;

Why shouldst thou stay, why shouldst thou stay?  
Where the winds whistle, & where the streams creep,  
Under yon Willow-Tree fain would I sleep.

Then let me alone:

For 'tis time to be gon, for 'tis time to be gon!  
What Cares or Pleasures can be in this Isle?

Within this desart place

There lives no humane Race;  
None can frown here, nor kind Fortune smile.

*Cho.* Kind Fortune smiles, and she

Has yet in store for thee

Some strange felicity.

Follow me, follow me,

And thou shalt see.

## SONG IV.

**T**He Bread is all bak'd,

The Embers are Rak'd,

'Tis midnight by Chanticleers first Crowing,

Let's kindly carouse,

Whilst a top of the house

The Cats fall out in the heat of their wooing.

Time, whilst thy Hour-Glass does run out,

This flowing Glass shall go about.

Stay, stay, the Nurse is wak'd, the Child does cry,

No Song so antient is, as Lullaby:

The Cradle's rock'd, the child is hush'd agen,

Then hey for the Maids, and ho for the Men!

Now every one advance his Glass,  
 Then all at once together clash :  
 Experienc'd Lovers know  
 This clashing does but show,  
 That as in Musick, so in Love, must be  
 Some Discord to make up a Harmonie.  
 Sing, sing ; when Crickets sing, why should not we ?  
 The Crickets were merry before us :  
 They sung us thanks ere we made 'em a fire ;  
 They taught us to sing in a Chorus :  
 The Chimney is their Church, the Oven is their Qui

## SONG V.

**N**OW the Cock doth cry, *Cock-a-doodle-doo !*  
 The Owl cries o'er the Barn, *To-whit-to-who!*  
 Benighted Travellers now lose their way,  
 Whom *Will with the wisp* bewitches ;  
 About, about he leads them astray,  
 Through Bogs, through Hedges and Ditches.

Hark, hark, the Cloyster-Bell is rung ;  
 Alas ! the midnight Dirge is sung.

Let 'em ring,

Let 'em sing ;

Whilst we spend the night in love and in laughter.

When night is gone,

O then to soon

The Discords and Cares of the day do come after.

Come booz a Health, a Health, a double Health,  
 To those who 'scape from cares by shunning wealth ;  
 Dispatch it away,  
 Before it be day,

'Twill quickly grow early, when it is late:  
 A Health to thee,  
 To him, to me;  
 To all who Beauty, Love, and Bus'ness hate.

## SONG VI.

**H**ow hard is an heart to be cured,  
 That is once over-whelm'd with despair !  
 'Tis a pain that by force is endured,  
 Which despiseth our passion, and laughs at our care,  
 Then since nothing but Death can untie  
 Those Fetters with which you insnare me,  
 For your sake I am ready to try,  
 And if you're unwilling to save me,  
 I am not unwilling to dye.

But how much were it better complying  
 With the sighs, and the tears, and the groans  
 Of a poor distrest Lover dying,  
 And give ear to the voice of his pitiful moans ?  
 Then your Slave shall in triumph be led,  
 To shew the effects of good nature ;  
 And it shall for your honour be said,  
 'Tis true she kill'd a poor Creature,  
 But she rais'd him again from the dead.

## SONG VII.

**F**ill up the Bowl with Rosie Wine,  
 Around our Temples Roses twine ;  
 And let us chearfully a while  
 Like the Wine and Roses smile.

Crown'd with Roses we contemn  
Gyges wealthy Diadem.

To day is ours, what do we fear?

To day is ours, we have it here.

Let's treat it kindly, that it may

Wish at least with us to stay :

Let's banish bus'ness, banish sorrow ;

And leave to whom belongs to morrow.

### SONG VIII.

U Nderneath this Myrtle-shade,

On flowry Beds supinely laid,

With odorous Oyls my head o'erflowing,

And around it Roses growing ;

What should I do, but drink away

The heat and troubles of the day ?

In this more than Kingly state,

L O V E himself shall on me wait :

Fill to me, *Love* ; nay, fill it up ;

And mingled cast into the Cup,

Wit and Mirth, and noble fires,

Vigorous health, and gay desires.

The wheel of Life no less will stay,

In a smooth than rugged way.

Since it equally doth flie,

Let the motion pleasant be.

V Vhy do we precious Oyntments show'r,

Nobler VVines why do we pour,

Beauteous Flowers why do we spread

Upon the Monuments of the Dead ?

Nothing they but Dust can show,

Or Bones that hasten to be so.



Crown me with Roses while I live,  
 Now your VVines and Oyntments give.  
 After Death I nothing crave,  
 Let me alive my pleasures have :  
 All are Stoicks in the Grave.

## SONG IX.

**H**OW happy art thou and I,  
 That never knew how to love !  
 There's no such blessing here below,  
 VVhate'er there is above.  
 'Tis Liberty, 'tis Liberty,  
 That every wise man loves.

Out, out upon those Eyes  
 That think to murder me,  
 And he's an Als that thinks her fair,  
 That is not kind and free :  
 There's nothing sweet, there's nothing sweet  
 To man, but Liberty.

I'll tye my heart to none,  
 Nor yet confine mine eyes ;  
 But I will play my Game so well,  
 I'll never want a prize :  
 'Tis Liberty, 'tis Liberty  
 Has made me now so wise.

## SONG X.

**B**E thou joyful, I am jolly ;  
 In thy pleasure's my delight :

Art th'inclin'd to melancholy,  
 I am of that humour right;  
 For I can joy, or Joys can slight.

Art thou liberal of Embraces?  
 I can also lavish be:  
 Or dost thou scorn to yield such graces?  
 I can scorn as well as thee:  
 Of these I can be nice or free.

Dost thou joy I should attain thee?  
 Then I will thy servant be:  
 Or if my presence do disdain thee,  
 I will never wait on thee;  
 For I can love, or let thee be.

If to singing thou'lt apply thee,  
 I can warble Notes to thee:  
 Or if to sighing, I'll sigh by thee;  
 To thy passions I'll agree:  
 For I'm to all thy humours free.

Dost thou joy I should come near thee,  
 With a heart both firm and true?  
 Or dost thou fly my sight, and fear me?  
 Unto Lovers that's not new:  
 For I can stay, or bid adieu.

# SONG XI.

## A CATCH.

IF Wealth could keep a man alive,  
 I'd onely study how to thrive;

That

That having got a mighty mass,  
 Might then bribe Fate to let me pass :  
 But since we can't prolong our years,  
 Why spend we time in Grievs and Fears ?  
 For since by Destiny we dye,  
 And must all pass over the Ferry ;  
 Hang Sickness and Cares,  
 Since we ha'nt many years ;  
 Let's have a short life, and a merry.

## SONG XII.

When in the month of *January*  
 Ripe Apples grow on Trees ;  
 When Butter doth in *February*  
 At once both thaw and freeze :  
 When Pigs do fly, Beasts headless walk,  
 When Chairs and Stools do move ;  
 When Mutes as fast as Women talk,  
 Then will I fall in love.

When Cherries in the month of *March*,  
 As ripe are as in *June* ;  
 When men instead of Corn sow Starch,  
 When Bears do sing in tune.  
 When Fishes on the Trees do chatter,  
 When Womens Tongues ne'er move,  
 When Men forbear to lie and flatter,  
 Then will I fall in love.

If when it rains, the ground be dry,  
 Or when it is foul weather ;  
 When Sun and Moon shall in the Sky  
 Both meet and dance together.

H &amp;

When

VWhen the Heavens fall where Earth doth stand,  
 VWhen *Tellus* mounts above,  
 And I can grasp both in my hand,  
 Then will I fall in love.

A Lover no will doth know,  
 He cannot speak or stir;  
 He is a Child and cannot go,  
 But as he is moved by her.  
 VWhilst I still by my self do move,  
 And to my pleasures bend:  
 Then farewell unto simple Love,  
 And so I make an end.

## SONG XIII.

Come hither, my Dearest, come hither to me,  
 And I will be so loving to thee,  
 As never was man before.  
 Then give me thy heart, and thou shalt have mine;  
 For if I my be but certain of thine,  
 I'll never desire no more.

Then unto my house we will trip it away,  
 And sit and provide for the wedding day:  
 VVe'll dance and sing,  
 And the Bell's shall ring,  
 And the Fiddlers round about us shall play.

Thy Body with rich Apparel I'll deck,  
 And round about thy Ivory Neck  
 I'll place a Chain of Pearl,  
 So fine and so round, so fair and so neat,  
 That every one that chances to see'r,  
 VWill say thou'rt a lovely Girl.

Then

Then be not so coy, but come away,  
And I'll embrace thee both night and day;  
For I vow and I swear  
Thou shalt be my Dear,  
And merrily we will sing and play.

The Maid she stood off, and blushing said,  
I fear you mean to betray a Maid  
That never did love before:  
For men will deceive, and cog, and lye,  
And swear they love you faithfully,  
VVhen they have another in store.

But if that you mean to be constant and true,  
And that I should be so to you;  
Be loving and kind,  
And still in a mind:  
Or else for evermore adieu.

## SONG XIV.

**P**OOR *CÆLIA* once was very fair,  
A quick bewitching Eye she had;  
Most nearly lock'd her braided hair,  
Her dainty Cheeks would make you mad:  
Upon her Lips did all the Graces play,  
And on her Breasts ten thousand *Cupids* lay.

Then many a doting Lover came,  
From seventeen unto twenty one;  
Each told her of his mighty flame:  
But she forsooth affected none;  
One was not handsome, th'other was not fine,  
This of Tobacco smelt, and that of Wine.

But th' other day it was my fate  
 To pass along that way alone,  
 I saw no Coach before her Gate;  
 But at her door I heard her moan,  
 And drop a tear, and sighing seem'd to say,  
*Young Ladies marry, marry whilst you may.*

SONG XV.

JAMES and SUSAN.

*Jam.* PRethee *Susan* what dost muse on,  
 By this doleful spring ?  
 You are I fear, in love, my Dear :  
 Alas poor thing !

*Sus.* Truly *Jamie*, I must blame ye,  
 You look so pale and wan :  
 I fear 'twill prove you are in love :  
 Alas poor man !

*Jam.* Nay my *Suee*, now I view ye,  
 VVell I know your smart ;  
 When you're alone you sigh and groan :  
 Alas poor Heart !

*Sus.* *Jamie* hold, I dare be bold  
 To say, Thy heart is stole ;  
 And know the She as well as thee :  
 Alas poor Soul !

*Jam.* Then my *Sue*, tell me who,  
 I'll give thee a Chain of Pearls ;  
 And ease thy heart of all this smart :  
 Alas poor Girl !

*Suf.* *Famie* no, if you should know,  
 I fear 'twould make you sad,  
 And pine away both night and day :  
 : Alas poor *Lad* !

*Fam.* Why then, my *Sue*, it is for you  
 That I burn in these flames ;  
 And when I dye, I know you'll cry,  
 Alas poor *Fames* !

*Suf.* Say you so, then *Famie* know  
 If you should prove untrue,  
 Then must I likewise cry,  
 Alas poor *Sue* !

Quoth he, 'then joyn thy hand with mine,  
 And we will wed to day :  
 I do agree, here 'tis, quoth she :  
 Come, let's away.

And when we shall wedded be,  
 Then we'll have a Ball,  
 And dance about in and out,  
 Up tails all.

VWhen that is done, and all are gone,  
 I'll shew thee other fears,  
 And have a Dance call'd in *France*,  
 The shaking of the sheets.

## SONG XVI.

## 70 SILVIA.

*Silvia*, tell me how long it will be  
 Before you will grant my desire :

Is there no end of your Cruelty,  
 But must I consume in this fire ?  
 You'l not tell me you love me, nor yet that you hate,  
 But take pleasure in seeing me languish :  
 Ah *Silvia* ! pity my desperate state,  
 For you are the cause of my anguish,

## SONG XVII.

*Her Answer.*

**D**amon I tell thee I never shall be  
 In a humour to grant thy desire;  
 Nor can I be tax'd with Cruelty,  
 Having one that I more do admire :  
 For 'tis he that I love, and thee that I hate,  
 Yet I find you fain would be doing ;  
 No *Damon* you never shall be my Mate,  
 Then prethee friend leave off thy woining.

## SONG XVIII.

*His Reply.*

**S**ilvia know, I never shall more  
 Be a Suiter to Pride and Disdaining,  
 Nor can my respects be as heretofore,  
 Being now in the time of their waining.  
 For I prize not thy love, nor I fear not thy hate,  
 Then prethee take't for a warning ;  
 VVhen ever you meet with another Mate,  
 Pray *Silvia* leave off your scorning.

SONG



## SONG XIX.

How severe is forgetful Old Age,  
 To confine a poor Lover so,  
 That I almost despair to see even the Air,  
 Much more my dear *Damon* : Hey ho !

Though I whisper my sighs out alone,  
 I am trac'd so where-ever I go,  
 That some treacherous Tree hides this old man from me,  
 And there he counts every hey ho.

How shall I this *Angus* blind,  
 And so put an end to my wo ?  
 For whilst I beguile all his frowns with a smile,  
 I betray my self with a hey ho.

My restraint then alas must endure,  
 So that since my sad doom I know,  
 I'll pine for my Love, like the Turtle-Dove,  
 And breathe out my life in hey ho.

## SONG XX.

As I lay musing one night in my Bed,  
 After I weary was with sleep,  
 And day 'gan peep,  
 Many odd fancies came into my head :  
 Y Women were first that came into my mind,  
 For we do daily find  
 They molest most our rest,  
 Cruel be they, or kind.

Next thing which my fancy did propound,  
 VVas, what a Maiden-head would prove,  
 VVhich men so love ;  
 Since it is never lost till it be found :  
 And then the Finder, if he be wise,  
 Ought not to boast his prize ;  
 'Cause that it never yet  
 VVas seen by mortal eyes.

Then why a Cuckold should suffer such scorn,  
 For what's anothers fault, not his,  
 Appears amiss :  
 If right, the women should wear the horn :  
 And if each Cuckold his horns should wear,  
 I should threwdly fear,  
 It would be strange to see  
 Men without horns appear.

Fourthly a reason would gladly be known,  
 VVhy women we kind-hearted see,  
 Should Carted be,  
 For making use of what is but their own :  
 If they may have their legs for to go,  
 And their fingers to sow,  
 VVhy not that thing for what  
 It was ordain'd also?

## SONG XXI.

ON the bank of a Brook, as I sat fishing,  
 Hid in the 'Ofers that grow on the side,  
 I over-heard a Nymph and Shepherd wishing,  
 No time nor fortune might their love divide :  
 To *Cupid* and *Venus*, each offered a Vow,  
 To love ever as they lov'd now.

h! said the Shepherd (and sigh'd) what a pleasure  
 Is Love conceal'd betwixt Lovers alone:  
 Love must be searct, for like Fairy Treasure,  
 VWhen 'tis discover'd, 'twill quickly be gone:  
 And Envy and Jealousie, if it would stay,  
 VWould quickly, alas, make it away.

Then let us leave the world and care behind us,  
 Said the Nymph smiling, and gave him her hand;  
 All alone, all alone, where none shall find us,  
 In some far Desert we'll seek a new Land,  
 And there live from Envy and Jealousie free,  
 And a new world to each other we'll be.

## SONG XXII.

**J**One to the Maypole away let's run,  
 The time is swift, and will be gone:  
 There go the Lasses away to the Green,  
 VWhere their Beauties may be seen.

Nan, Dol, Kate and Moll; brave Lasses have Lads to  
 (attend 'um,  
 Hodge, Nick, Tom, Dick; brave Dancers, who can  
 (amend 'um?

Did you not see the Lord of the May  
 VWalk along in his rich Array?  
 There goes the Lads that is onely his,  
 See they meet, and how they kiss!  
 Come Will, run Gill, or dost thou list to lose thy labour?  
 Kit crowd, scrape aloud; tickle her, Tom, with a Pipe  
 (and a Tabor.

Ah! Lately I went to a Masque at the Court,  
 Where I saw Dances of every sort:

There

There they did dance with time and measure,  
But none like the Countrey Dance for pleasure.

There they did dance just as in *France*,  
Not like the English lofty manner;  
And every she must furnished be  
VVith a featherd knock when she sweats for to fan h<sup>er</sup> Las

But we when we dance, and do happen to sweat,  
Have a Napkin in hand to wipe off the wet;  
And we with our Daxies do jig it about,  
Not like the Court which often are out.

If the Tabor do play, we thump it away,  
And turn and meet our Lasses to kiss 'em;

Nay, they will be as ready as we,  
That hardly at any time we can miss 'em.

And if we hold on as we begin,  
*Jone* thee and I shall the Garland win;  
Nay, if thou liv'st till another day,  
I'll make thee Lady of the May.

Dance about in and out,  
Turn and kiss, and then for a greeting:  
Now *Jone*, we have done;  
Fare thee well till the next merry meeting.

## SONG XXIII.

**A** Las how long shall I and my maidenhead lie  
In a cold bed all the night long?  
I cannot abide it, yet away cannot chide it,  
Though I find that it does me some wrong.

Can any one tell where this fine thing doth dwell,  
That carries neither form nor fashion?

re,  
sure.

It both heats and cools, 'tis a Banble for fools,  
Yet catch'd at in every Nation.

r to fanh

wear,

Say a Maid were so crost, as to see this Toy lost,  
Would not Hue and Cry fetch it again?  
Las no; for 'tis gon ere well thought upon;  
And when found, 'tis lost even then.

## SONG XXIV.

NO Creature can be more pleasant than we,  
No mischief we will act or invent;  
Let the VVorldling go plot till his brains rot,  
He shall not abridge our content.

Content is a thing that comfort doth bring  
To Beggar as well as to King:  
Then let our Content in freedom be spent,  
And merrily merrily sing.

## SONG XXV.

OLL upon it, I have loved  
Three whole days together;  
And though I never lov'd before,  
Yet am like to love three more,  
If it hold fair weather.

ie

g.

well,

Time shall moul away his Wings,  
Ere he can discover  
Among an hundred thousand men,  
Nay in all the world agen,  
Such a Constant Lover.

But

But out upon't, no praise  
Can at all be due to me :  
Love with me had made no stay,  
But had quickly fled away,  
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,  
And that very very face ;  
There had been ere this with me,  
For to court my companie,  
A dozen dozen in her place.

## SONG XXVI.

*Her Answer.*

Say, but did you love so long !  
In truth I needs must blame you :  
Passion did your Judgment wrong,  
Nay, betray'd your flattering Tongue,  
As want of wit doth shame you.

Truth it is, Time's witty Daughter  
Quickly did discover  
You were a subject fit for laughter,  
Seeing your brains are now grown softer,  
And more fool than ever.

Yet I grant you merit praise,  
For your constant folly ;  
Since you doted three whole days,  
As your learned Legend says :  
You were surely melancholy.

She to whom you were so true,  
And that very very face

Gives you truly all your due,  
And puts each minure such as you  
A dozen dozen to disgrace.

## SONG XXVII.

**L**Et the Bowl pass free  
From him to thee,  
As it first came to me :  
'Tis pity that we should confine it,  
Having all either Credit or Coyn yet :  
Let it e'en take its course,  
There's no stopping its force ;  
He that shuffles must interline it.

Lay aside your Cares  
Of Shops and Wares,  
And irratiopal fears ;  
Let each brest be as thoughtless as his'n is,  
That from his Bride newly ris'n is :  
We'll banish each Soul  
That comes here to condole,  
Or is troubled with *Love* or *Business*.

The **KING** we'll not name,  
Nor a **Lady** to inflame  
VVith desire to the Game,  
And into a dumpishness drive all,  
Or make us run mad, and go wive all ;  
VVe'll have this whole night  
Set apart for delight,  
And our mirth shall have no Corriual.

Then

Then see that the Glas  
 Through its circuit do pass,  
 Till it come where it was,  
 And every Nose has been within it,  
 Till he end it that first did begin it;  
 As *Copernicus* found  
 That the Earth did turn round,  
 We will prove so does every thing in it.

## SONG XXVIII.

**T**ell me, Dearest, prethee do,  
 Why thou wilt and wilt not too?  
 Suns of Beaurty ne'er were shown,  
 But to cherish more than one.

Love if good, diffus'd is better;  
 And as thoughts, if unconfin'd,  
 Will to Nature prove a Debtor,

VWho denies  
 Properties  
 That Monopolize  
 The Communities she design'd.

VWho dares then inclose the Common  
 Heavens Charter first assign'd,

And in special general VWoman,

Evilly,

Privily,

Or uncivilly,

VWhile we live by Gavel-kind?

Since thy most triumphant Charms  
 Oft subdu'd the *Grecians* Arms,  
 You injure the Powers of Love,  
 Lest your Conquests you improve.



Boast not then of single Prizes,  
 In your Trophies numerous List;  
 Meer Evasion Love despises,  
     Since there lies  
     In your Eyes  
     Such Artilleries  
 As no Enemies can resist.

Be as free as you are comely,  
 And your Purchases enjoy:  
 They deserve the name of homely,  
     That deny  
     Liberty  
     Of variety  
 Where Society cannot cloy.

## SONG XXIX.

**W**ELL we will do that rigid thing  
 Which makes Spectators think we part,  
 Though Absence hath for none a sting,  
 But those who keep each others heart.

And when our sense is dispossess'd,  
 Our labouring Souls will heave and pant,  
 And grasp for one anothers Brest,  
 Since their conveyances they want.

Nay, we have felt the tedious smart  
 Of absent Friendship, and do know  
 That when we dye we can but part,  
 And who knows what we shall do now?

Yet I must go; we will submit,  
 And so our own Disposers be:

For while we nobly suffer it,  
 VVe triumph o'er necessity.

By this we shall be truly great,  
 If having other things o'ercome,  
 To make our Victory complear,  
 VVe can be Conquerours at home.

Nay, then to meet we may conclude,  
 And all obstructions overthrow;  
 Since we our passion have subdu'd,  
 VVhich is the strongest thing I know.

## SONG XXX.

*A CATCH.*

**A**N old house end, an old house end,  
 And many a good fellow wants money to spend.  
 If thou wilt borrow,  
 Come hither to morrow,  
 I dare not part so soon with my friend:  
 But let us be merry,  
 And drink off our Sherry,  
 But to part with my money I do not intend;  
 Then a Turd in thy Teeth, and an old house end.

## SONG XXXI.

*A CATCH.*

**J**Og on, jog on, the foot-path way,  
 And merrily hent the Scile-a;

our merry heart goes all the day,  
The sad one tires in a mile-a.

our paltry money-bags of Gold,  
What need have we to stare for?  
When little or nothing soon is told,  
And we have the less to care for.

## SONG XXXII.

### *The Needy-mans Song.*

**A** Way with this Cash, 'twill make us all mad;  
The happiest are they that money ne'er had:  
The pocket that's full, proves the owner a Gull;  
No Niggard so great, nor apter to cheat;  
Fob that is lank, makes the owner frank;  
Tell thee, my friend, his love's without end.

### CHORUS.

O he never can be  
Too frolick and free:  
No sweeter estate  
Than the Needy-mans fate.

When money's a stranger, the man's out of danger:  
From Whores and from Wine, he's kept without line,  
He smells to no Barrels, nor broaches no quarrels:  
From millions of mocks, and as many knocks,  
He saveth himself by scorning of pelf:  
He wears out no Shoes in hunting for News.

### CHORUS.

O he never can be  
Too frolick and free:  
No sweeter estate  
Than the Needy-mans fate.

He cheateth no Heirs, nor Shoulder-men fears,  
 Takes care for no Rent, forgets what was lent;  
 Remembers not what this roy cost, or that;  
 He signeth no Bill, nor maketh no Will;  
 Away all is hurld, he treads down the world;  
 And all that hath sums, he counts them but scums.

## C H O R U S.

O he never can be  
 Too frolick and free:  
 No sweeter estate  
 Than the Needy-mans fate.

## SONG XXXIII.

*The Politick Drinker.*

**M**Y Masters and Friends, whosoever intends  
 To trouble this Room with discourse;  
 You that sit by, are as guilty as I,  
 Be your talk better or worse.  
 Now lest you should prate of matters of State,  
 Or any thing else that might hurt us,  
 Rather let us drink off our Cups to the brink,  
 And then we shall speak to the purpose.

Suppose you speak clean from the matter you mean,  
 That's not a pin here nor there;  
 Yet take this advice, be merry and wise,  
 You know not what Creatures be near.  
 Or suppose that some Sot should lurk in this po-;  
 To scatter our words that might hurt us;  
 To free that same doubts, we'll see the pot out,  
 And then we shall speak to the purpose.

If any man here be in bodily fear  
Of a Wolf, a Wife, or a Tweak;  
Here's Armour of proof shall keep her aloof,  
This Liquor will make a man speak.  
Or if any intend to challenge his friend,  
Or rail at a Lord that might hurt us,  
Let us drink once or twice of this *Helicon* Juyce,  
And then we shall speak to the purpose.

He that rails at the Times, in Prose or in Rhimes,  
Doth bark like a Dog at the Moon,  
Sing *Prophecies* strange, and threaten some change,  
And hang them upon the Queens Tomb,  
He is but a Railer, or a prophesying Taylor,  
To scatter our words that might hurt us;  
Let's talk of no matches, but drink and sing *Catches*,  
And then we shall speak to the purpose.

It is a mad zeal for a man to reveal  
His secret thoughts when he bouzes,  
And he's but a Wigion that talks of Religion  
In Taverns or Tipling Houses.  
It is not for us such things to discover,  
Let us talk of nothing might hurt us;  
But let us begin a Health to our King,  
And then we shall speak to the purpose.

Amidst of our bliss, it is not amiss  
To talk of our going home late;  
If a Constable Kite, or a Pils-pot at night,  
Should chance to douse on our Pare,  
It were all in vain to rage or complain,  
Or scatter our words that might hurt us,  
Twere better trudge home to honest kind *Fare*,  
And then we shall speak to the purpose.

## SONG XXXIV.

## A C A T C H.

**F**LY Boy, fly to the Cellar-bottom :  
 View well your Quill and your Bung Sir ;  
 Bring us good wine to preserve our Lungs, Sir ;  
 Not rascally Wine to rot 'um.

If your Quill run foul,  
 Then be a trusty Soul,  
 And Cane it :

For the Health it is such,  
 That one bad drop will much,  
 That one bad drop will much  
 Profane it.

## SONG XXXV.

**S**ince you will needs my heart possess,  
 'Tis just to you I first confess

The faults to which 'tis given :  
 It is to Change much more inclin'd,  
 Than Women, or the Sea, or Wind ;  
 Or ought that's under heaven.

Nor will I hide from you this truth,  
 It hath been from its very youth,

A most egregious Ranger ;  
 And since from me so oft it fled,  
 With whom it was both born and bred,

'Twill scarce stay with a stranger.  
 The Black, the Fair, the Gay, the Sad,  
 (Which made me oft-times think 'twas mad)

With one kind look could win it :  
 So naturally it loves to range,  
 That it hath left success for change ;  
 And what's worse, glories in it.

Oft-times when I am lay'd to Rest,  
 It makes me act like one posselt,  
 It still keeps such a pother :  
 And though 'tis you I most esteem,  
 Yet it will make me in a dream  
 Cou t and enjoy another.

r ;  
 g, Sir ;

And now, if you are not afraid,  
 After these Truths that I have said,  
 To take this arrant Rover ;  
 Be not displeas'd, if I protest  
 I doubt the Heart within your Brest  
 Will prove just such another.

### SONG XXXVI.

I Always resolv'd to be free from the Charms  
 That love with his subtilty ere could invent :  
 I kick'd at his Deity, laugh'd at the harms  
 That he could devise to abridge my content.  
 But now do I find, though the God he be blind,  
 The mark he hath hit, and hath changed my mind :  
 A Boy though he be, yet his manhood I see ;  
 For with one poor Dart hath he conquered me.

I likewise before such Beauties did see, (Eyes,  
 With Charms in their Tongues, and Darts in their  
 Who thought by their wiles to intoxicate me,  
 But never before my heart could surprize.  
 But now do I see that a slave I must be,  
 To one that before was a servant to me :  
 For the angry Gods Dart hath so pierced my heart,  
 No Balm that's appli'd, but increaseth the smart.

And thus being plung'd in that loving amaze,  
The place is a Labyrinth where I reside,  
Whose turnings and windings hath so many ways,  
That none can get out without help of a Guide.  
And my Guide is so coy, though my soul I employ  
To lie at her feet, yet my hope she'll destroy;  
But rather then I'll keep parley with her eye,  
To add to my Bonds, I'm resolved to dye.

## SONG XXXVII.

**C**LORIS, let my passion ever  
Be to thee as I design;  
A flame so Noble that you never  
Knew the like, till you knew mine.  
Not a breath of fained Passion,  
From my Lips shall reach thine Ears,  
Nor the love which is in fashion,  
Made of modish sighs and tears.

In my brest a room so fitting  
For your heart I will prepare,  
That you'll never think of quitting,  
When you once are harbour'd there.  
The Rent's not great that I require,  
From your Heart to mine to pay,  
'Tis gratitude that I desire,  
To keep your Lodging from decay.

Fairest Saint, then be not cruel,  
Nor to pity think it sin;  
Since one smile from you is fuel,  
Still to keep that fire in.  
And when I'm forc'd through Death or Age,  
These my flames for to retire,



e,

ways,  
Guide.  
employ  
;

All true Lovers I'll engage,  
Still my Ashes to admire.

## SONG XXXVIII.

**B**auteous *Chloris*! while thou dost enjoy

*Beauty* and *Youth*, be sure to use 'em,  
And be not fickle, be not coy,

Thy self or Lovers to destroy :

Since all those *Lilies* and those *Roses*  
Which Lovers find, or Love suppose,

To flourish in thy face,

Will tarry but a little space :

And *Youth* and *Beauty* are but onely lent

To you by Nature, with this good intent,

You should enjoy, but not abuse 'em,

And when enjoyments may be had, not fondly to re-  
(fuse 'em.

Let Lovers flatteries ne'er prevail with thee,

Nor their oyl'd Complements deceive thee ;

Their Vows and Protestations be

Too often meer Hypocrisie :

And those high praises of the *VVirtu*,

May all be costly, but not fit ye :

Or if it true should be,

What thy Lovers say of thee ;

Sickness or age will quickly strip away

Those fading Glories of thy youthful *May*,

And of thy Graces all bereave thee,

Then those that thee ador'd before, will slight thee, and  
(so leave thee.

Then while thou art fair and young, be kind but wise,

Doat not, nor proudly use denying ;

That tempting toy, thy Beauty, lies  
 Not in thy face, but Lovers Eyes ;  
 And he that doats on thee, may smother  
 His love i'th' Beauty of another :  
 Or flying at all Game,  
 May quench, or else divert his flame.  
 His Reason too, may chance to interpose,  
 And Love declines as fast as Reason grows :  
 There is a knack to find Love's Treasures ;  
 Too young, too old, too nice, too free, too slow,  
 (stroys your pleasure)

## SONG XXXIX.

Fair CLARINDA, I do owe  
 All the wo  
 That I know,  
 To those glorious Looks alone,  
 Though you're an unrelenting stone :  
 The quick Lightning from your Eyes  
 Did sacrifice  
 My unwise  
 My unwary harmless heart ;  
 And now you glory in my smart.  
 How unjustly you do blame,  
 That pure flame  
 From you came ?  
 Vext with what your self may burn ;  
 Your scorns to Tinder did it turn.  
 The least spark how Love can call  
 That does fall  
 On the small  
 Scorch'd remainder of my heart,  
 Will make it burn in every part.

SONG

## SONG XL,

flame.

s :

fares ;

oo flow, d

our pleasur

Nay, perswade not, I've sworn  
 We'll have one pottle more,  
 Though we run on the score,  
 And our Credits do stretch for't :  
 To what end does a Father  
 Pinch his Body, or rather  
 Damn his Soul, for to gather  
 Such store, but that he hath this fetch for't ;  
 That we Sons should be high Eoy's,  
 And when he does dye, Boys,  
 Instead of a Sermon, we'll sing him a Catch for't.

Then hang the dull wit  
 Of that white-liver'd Chit  
 That good Fellows doth hit  
 In teeth with a Red Nose :  
 May his Nose look blue,  
 Or any dreadfuller hue,  
 That may speak him untrue,  
 And disloyal unto the Head-Nose ;  
 'Tis the Scarlet that graces  
 And sets out our faces,  
 And that nature base is, (Nose.  
 That esteems not a Copper-Nose more than a Lead

All the World keeps a round :  
 First our Fathers abound  
 In Wealth, and buy ground,  
 And then leave it behind 'em :  
 We're strait put in black,  
 Where we mourn and drink Sack,  
 And do th'other knock ;

While they sleep in their Graves we ne'er mind 'em;  
 Thus we scatter the store  
 As they rak'd before;  
 And as for the Poor,  
 We enrich them as fast as our fathers did grind 'em.

## SONG XLI.

Comely Swain, why sit'st thou so?  
*Falla, la, fa, la, la, &c.*  
 Folded Arms are signs of wo;  
*Fa, la, la, &c.*  
 Dost thy Nymph no favour show?  
*Fa, la, &c.*  
 Chuse another, let her go,  
*Fa, la, la, fa, la, la, &c.*

## SONG XLII.

That divine form which thus deludes thy sense,  
 And holds thee gazing in a strange suspense,  
 The Creature anely is of *Sansa's* Art;  
 Yet from these eyes Love does his fire dart:  
 To him a lively Speech, a savouring hand,  
 (Which to the Tongue he never would impart)  
 Has given, like *Syren*, to betray thy heart:  
 Ah fly then! 'tis too late; thou hast thy wound,  
 And there dost panting lie upon the ground.

## SONG XLIII.

Thus from the Prison to the Throne,  
 Vertue comes to claim her own:

And now appears  
 Upon the Throne a Star,  
 Who lately at the Bar  
 Stood with no other Jewels but her Tears.  
 Great Queen,  
 Great Queen,  
 Whoever was so well content  
 To suffer, and be innocent,  
 To suffer, and be innocent.

## SONG XLIV.

U Nder the *Willow* shades they were  
 Free from the eye-sight of the *Sun*,  
 For no intruding Beam could there  
 Peep through to spy what things were done.  
 Thus shelter'd they unseen did lie,  
 Surfeiting on each others eye :  
 Defended by the *Willow* shades alone,  
 The *Sun*'s heat they def'd, and cool'd their own.

VVhilst they did embrace unspi'd,  
 The conscious *Willows* seem'd to smile,  
 That they with privacy suppli'd,  
 Holding the door as 'twere the while.  
 And when their dalliances were o'er,  
 The *Willows* to oblige them more,  
 Bowing did seem to say, (as they withdrew)  
 We can supply you with a Cradle too.

## SONG XLV.

W HAT strange Disguises Lovers wear ?  
 Mishapen-shapes they still affect :

Thus

Thus the white Bull that does *Europa* bear  
 Shrouding *Joves* person, doth his Love detect :  
 Thus the same over-ruling Power,  
 Sends him to *Danae* in a shower.

If 'mong the Gods he bears the sway,  
 What can he o'er Mortals do ?  
 He that with Deities thus dares to play,  
 Will govern mankind sure as strangely too :  
 Nor is the fairer Sex more free  
 From *Metamorphoses* than we.

## SONG XLVI.

AH how sweet it is to love !  
 Ah how gay is young desire !  
 And what pleasing pains we prove,  
 When we first approach Loves fire !  
 Pains of Love be sweeter far,  
 Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs which are from Lovers blown,  
 Do but gently heave the heart,  
 Ev'n the tears they shed alone,  
 Cure, like trickling balm, their smart.  
 Lovers when they lose their breath,  
 Bleed away in easie death.

Love and Time with Rev'rence use,  
 Treat 'em like a parting friend :  
 Nor the Golden Gifts refuse  
 Which in Youth sincere they send :  
 For each year their price is more,  
 And they less simple than before.

ect:

Love, like Spring-tides full and high,  
 Swells in every youthful vein,  
 But each tide does less supply,  
 Till they quite shrink in again :  
     If a flowing Age appear,  
     'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

o:

## ★ SONG XLVII.

**L**et's fill with Wine this lusty Bowl,  
 'Twill scatter sorrows from our Soul ;  
 'Twill stifle care, that inward foe,  
 'Tis the Antipodes of wo :  
 'Twill rescue old Age from the Grave,  
 'Twill make a Freeman of a Slave ;  
 'Twill vigour and rich fancie bring,  
 'Twill hoise a Beggar to a King.  
 Lo, how it glows and sparkles there,  
 Brighter than a spangled Sphere.  
 And how it bubbles from the Deep,  
 Leaping to surprize my Lip !  
 Rich Juice ! since thou dost court my Taste,  
 I'll meet, and kiss with equal haste :  
 Go then, go mingle with my blood ;  
 Thus swallow I thy wealthy flood :  
 'Tis vanish'd, and I see the shoar,  
 Not waded thither by an Oar :  
 O fill't again, and fill it high ;  
 O let me once more drink and dye !  
 Seas heap'd on Seas cannot assuage  
 This eager thirst, this violent rage.  
 Were half the Globe fill'd to the top,  
 I'd drink't, and eat the Earth for Sops  
 But hah ! I see how I do reel ;  
 My Brain is Traytor to my Heel.

Lov

My

My Vitals stop, my Spirits sink :  
Come then, I'll sleep, and dream of Drink.

C H O R U S.

*We that Bacchus do adore,  
Envy not the Misers store ;  
Nor the Charms nor Sweet's of Love,  
Nor the States of those above.*

SONG XLVIII.

**T**Hou sit'st too long at the Pot, *Tom*,  
Thou sit'st too long at the Pot, *Tom* :  
Here's thy Pot and my Pot,  
And my Pot and thy Pot,  
Then hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom*.

Thou studi'st Philosophy, *Tom*,  
And sometimes Astrology, *Tom* :  
Let's have our Liquor about us,  
Both within and without us ;  
Then hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom*.

VVhat humour hath crost thee now, *Tom* ?  
VVhat humour hath crost thee now, *Tom* ?  
VVhat Bugbear affrights thee  
From that which delights thee ?  
Then hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom* ?

VVhat Lawyer is like to thee, *Tom* ?  
For to plead against the Pot, *Tom* ?  
A fig for his Reading,  
Except that his Pleading  
Be for to maintain the Pot, *Tom*.



The Pot is the Peace-maker, *Tom*;  
 And the Righter of every mans wrong, *Tom* :  
 For when the Law can't mend it,  
 The Pot it will end it :  
 Then hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom*.

Then hold thy Nose to the pot, *Tom*,  
 And do not thy self so much wrong, *Tom* :  
 Cast not that behind thee,  
 That *Bacchus* design'd thee ;  
 Then hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom*.

For Mault that's good for the Maw, *Tom*,  
 It will cure the Diseases of *Autumn* ;  
 Then *felix quem faciat*  
 I prethee be patient,  
*Aliena pericula cautum*.

Then hold thy Nose to the pot, *Tom*,  
 And do thy self not so much wrong, *Tom*.  
 Neither Parson nor Vicar,  
 But will drink off his Liquor :  
 Then hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom*.

### SONG XLIX.

**N**OW we are met, let's merry merry be  
 For one half hour, with mirth and glee :  
 To recreate our spirits dull,  
 Let's laugh and sing our bellies full.

### SONG L.

**S**ACK is the Prince of Wines,  
 The Quintessence of Liquors :

The Brain it purges and refines,  
And makes the Wit the quicker.

## C H O R U S.

Then let us laugh, let's sing and quaff,  
Let us toss the Pot, and be merry;  
Let us all bear a part to drink quart after quart,  
Of this same sprightly Canary.

Should Jove come down to men,  
And taste this Sack, he'd think,  
Nay, swear by Styx, 'twere better than  
The Wine himself doth drink.

## C H O R U S.

Then let us laugh, let us sing and quaff,  
Let us toss the Pot, and be merry;  
Let us all bear a part, to drink quart after quart,  
Of this same sprightly Canary.

If a man have but this,  
He shall no Musick lack;  
No Musick to a Sackbut is,  
Or to a But of Sack.

## C H O R U S.

Then let us laugh, let us sing and quaff,  
Let us toss the Pot, and be merry;  
Let us all bear a part, to drink quart after quart,  
Of this same sprightly Canary.

## S O N G I I.

IF fairest *CALIA* would not frown,  
We two might make a world alone;

er quart,

And we might live like Saints above,  
Preserv'd by Vision and in Love;  
Not needing other Aids to live,  
Than what her constant smiles can give,  
And since like Heaven you can preserve,  
Make him immortal that does you serve.

Since you would know why I look wan,  
A melancholy languish'd man;  
Learn from my face I am in love,  
If this will not sufficient prove,  
Dear, stay till anon, I'll tell thee more,  
I am absent from whom I adore.

## SONG LII.

r quart,

**T**His Ale, my bonny Lads,  
It is brown as a Berry;  
Then let us be merry here an hour,  
And drink ere it be sowre.  
Here's to thee, Lad;  
Come, to me, Lad:  
Let it come, Boy, to my Thumb, Boy:  
Drink it off, Sir: It is enough Sir:  
Fill mine Host ~~Tom's~~ Pot and Tost.

quart,

## SONG LIII.

- A. **I** Love a Nymph, alack a day,  
But dare not say I love her.
- B. Perhaps she may thy Love repay;  
Speak then thy thoughts, and prove her.

An

A. If

A. If I reveal, and she my love reject,  
I'm quite undone.

B. Women, when we least expect,  
VVe see are often won.

A. True, but her state great Flocks requires,  
Mine are but poor and small :

A. Peace, Fool ; Love onely Love desires,  
And nothing else at all.

### CHORUS.

*They that do love for private Gain,  
May suffer shipwrack in the main.*

### SONG LIV.

I Have been in love, and in debt, and in drink,  
This many and many a year,  
And those three are plagues enough one would think,  
For one poor Mortal to bear.  
'Twas drink made me fall into love,  
And love made me run into debt ;  
And though I have struggled, and struggled, and strove  
I cannot get out of them yet.  
There's nothing but money can cure me,  
And rid me of all my pain,  
'Twill pay all my debts,  
And remove all my lets,  
And my Mistress that cannot endure me,  
VWill love me, and love me again.  
Then I'll fall to loving and drinking amain.

## SONG LV.

**H**Ang up *Mars*  
And his *VVars* :

Give us *Drink* ;

We'll tippie, my Lads, together :

Those are *Slaves*,

Fools and *Knaves*,

That have *Chinck*,

And must pay

For what they say,

Do, or think ;

Good Fellows account for neither.

Be we round, be we square,

We are happier than they are,

Whose *Dignity* works their *Ruine* ;

He that well the *Bowl* rears,

Can baffle his *Cares* ;

And a *Fig* for *Death* or *Undoing*.

## SONG LVI.

**W**Hat, alas ! will the knowing avail me,

Though your *Eyes* were as gentle as fair,

Since the hopes which they nourish do fail me,

And flame without heat, and bright *Hypocrites* are :

Such lustre but lights me the way to despair.

Where temper by *Love* is understood,

It loseth the name of a *Passion* :

'Tis nonsense to say that one shou'd

Govern *Love* by the *Rules* of *Discretion* :

Though a *Child*, he's too big for the *Rod*.

Were

Were your Bosom as cold as the Ice is,  
Yet at one time or other you'l find  
That Love hath a thousand Devices.

To banish cold thoughts from your scrupulous mind  
And to force your unkindness be gone, and be kind.

Thy aid, mighty Love, I implore :  
Do thou to thy fair One discover  
The Joys thou hast for her in store,  
When she shall to her passionate Lover,  
Say, I will be cruel no more.

## SONG LVI.

**T**AKE heed, fair *Chloris*, how you tame  
With your disdain *Aminors* flame :  
A Noble Heart, when once despis'd,  
Swells unto such an height of Pride,  
'Twill rather burst, than deign to be  
A Worshipper of Cruelty.

Though you use Common Shepherds so,  
My flames at last to storms will grow ;  
And blow such scorn upon thy pride,  
'Twill blast all I have magnifi'd :  
You are not fair, when Love you lack,  
Ingratitude makes all things black.

O do not, for a Flock of Sheep,  
A Golden Show'r whenas you sleep,  
Or for the Tales Ambition tells,  
Forake the House where Honour dwells :  
In *Damon's* Palace you'l ne'er shine  
So bright, as in these Arms of mine.

SONG LVIII.

upulous mi  
d be kind,

**B**acchus Iacchus, fill our Brains,  
As well as Bowls, with Sprightly strains.  
Let Souldiers fight for prey or praise,  
And Money be the Misers wish;  
Poor-Scholars study all their days,  
And Gluttons glory in their Dish:  
*'Tis Wine, pure Wine, revives sad Souls,*  
*Therefore give us the Chearing Bowls.*

Let M<sup>n</sup>'ions marshal every hair,  
And in a Lovers Lock delight;  
And artificial Colours wear;  
We have the native Red and White:  
*'Tis Wine, pure Wine, revives sad Souls,*  
*Therefore give us the Chearing Bowls.*

Take Pheasant, Pout, or Calverd Sammon,  
Or how to please your Palats think;  
Give us the salt Westphalia Gammon,  
Not meat to eat, but meat to drink:  
*'Tis Wine, pure Wine, revives sad Souls,*  
*Therefore give us the Chearing Bowls.*

The backward Spirit it makes brave,  
That lively, which before was dull;  
They prove Good Fellows, which were Grave;  
And kindness flows from Cups brim full:  
*'Tis Wine, pure Wine, revives sad Souls,*  
*Therefore give us the Chearing Bowls.*

Some have the Tiflick, some the Rhume;  
Some have the Palscy, some the Gour;  
Some swell with Fat, and some Consume;  
But they are sound that drink all out.

*Tis Wine, pure Wine, &c,*

Some

Some men want Youth, and some want Health;  
 Some want a VVife, and some a Puncck;  
 Some men want VVit, and some want VVcalth;  
 But he wants nothing that is drunk.

*'Tis Wine, pure Wine, revives sad Souls;  
 Therefore gives us the Chearing Bowls.  
 Bacchus, Iacchus, fill our Brains,  
 As well as Bowls, with sprightly Brains.*

## SONG LIX.

**O**F all the brave Birds that ere I did see,  
 The Owl is the fairest in her degree;  
 For all the day long she sits in a Tree,  
 And when the night cometh, away flies she,

*To-whit-to-who!*

To whom drink'st thou?

Sir Knave, to you.

This Song is well sung, I'll make you a Vow,  
 And he is a Knave that drinketh now.

Nose, Nose, Nose; and who gave thee that jolly  
 (Nose)

Nutmegs and Cloves; and who gave thee that jolly  
 (red Nose)

## SONG LX.

**C**ome, drink off your Liquor,  
 'Twill make you the quicker,

For Rhimes, Songs, Conceits, or for Ballads;

Be the VVine red or yellow,

The Cups deep or shallow:

There's nought comes amiss to our Pallats.

CHO



CHORUS.

Then come, drink away :  
 Be it night, or be it day ;  
 The time shall be told as it passes :  
 The true hours we shall know  
 By the Ebb and the Flow  
 Of the jolly quart Pots and the Glasses.

It stands us upon  
 To change our Hellicon,  
 For Spring it was nothing but VVater ;  
 But hence springs a fire,  
 That will quicken and inspire,  
 And tickle our senses with laughter.

CHORUS.

Then Come, drink away :  
 Be it night, or be it day ;  
 The time shall be told as it passes :  
 The true hours we shall know,  
 By the Ebb and the Flow  
 Of the jolly quart Pots and the Glasses.

SONG LXI.

When our Glasses flow with VVine,  
 And our Souls with Sack are rais'd ;  
 When we are jeal'd we do not repine,  
 Nor are proud when we are prais'd.  
 'Tis Sack alone can raise our Souls ;  
 A pin for Christning Drinking-Bowls.

Let the Drawer raise our Fancies

CHO With his VVit-refreshing-Drink ;

Hang

Hang your Stories and Romances,  
 Those are fit for them that think.  
 Let him love that hath a mind,  
 We to drinking are inclin'd.

Wit and Love are the onely things  
 Which fill the thoughts of Kings and us ;  
 Imagination makes us Kings,  
 And that is rais'd by drinking thus :  
 Drink your Sack, let Wit alone ;  
 Wit by Drinking best is shown.

SONG LXII.  
 A CATCH.

**D**iogenes was merry in his Tub,  
 And so let us be in our Club ;  
 'Tis Mirth that fills our Veins with Blood,  
 More than either Wine, Sleep, or Food :  
 Let each man keep his heart at ease,  
 No man e'er dy'd of that disease :  
 'Twill alway keep thy Body in Health,  
 Then value it above thy Wealth.  
 'Tis Sadness and Grief that doth bring  
 Diseases in Autumn, and in the Spring.  
 Then welcome harmless mirth, let's say ;  
 For the more we laugh, the more we may.

SONG LXIII.  
*On a Horse.*

**H**ere lies not in, but on Earth's Womb,  
 A Horse expos'd without a Tomb :

No Winding sheet, nor his own Skin,  
 Nor laid by any of his Kin.  
 Yet was no Jade ; Death had a Race,  
 And took him for his sprightly pace.  
 Now see his funeral Exequies  
 Th' Ravens in black do solemnize :  
 Into the Skies they him exalt,  
 Being sepulchred in Airy Vault.  
 In Living Tombs, he thus out-prides  
 Mecha and Egypt's Pyramides.  
 Change now his Epitaph ; say not, *Here lies*  
*a Horse* ; but rather, *Here he flies*.  
 Mourn not his fate, my friend, since thus  
 The Horse is now transform'd to *Pegasus*.

### SONG LXV.

From *Oberon* of Fairy Land,  
 The King of Ghosts and Goblins there,  
 Mad *Robbin* I, at his command,  
 Am sent to see the Night-sports here :  
 What Revel Rout is kept about  
 In any Corner where I go ;  
 And I will see and merry be,  
 And make good sport with Ho, ho, ho.  
 As swift as Lightning do I fly  
 Amidst the Airy Welkin soon ;  
 And in a moments space I spy  
 What things are done beneath the Moon.  
 There's neither Hag, nor Sprite, nor Wag,  
 In any corner where I go,  
 At *Robbin* I their fears spy,  
 And send them home with ho, ho, ho.

Sometimes you meet me like a Man,  
 Sometime a Hawk, sometimes a Hound ;

Then to a Horse I turn me can,  
 And trip and trot about you round.  
 If any stride, my back to ride,  
 As swift as Air with them I go ;  
 O'er Sea, o'er Land, o'er Hedge, o'er Pound,  
 And cry out laughing, Ho, ho, ho.

When Lads with Lasses merry be,  
 With Possers, and with Juncars fine,  
 Unknown to all the Companie  
 I eat their Cakes, and drink their Wine :  
 And to make sport, I fart, I snort,  
 And all the Candles out I blow ;  
 The Maids I kiss, they squeak, *who's this ?*  
 I answer laughing, Ho, ho, ho.

If that my Fellow-Elf and I  
 In Circle-Dance do trip it round,  
 If that we chance by any Spy  
 There present, to be seen or found ;  
 And that they do speak or say,  
 But mum continue as they go,  
 Then, night by night, we them affright  
 With pinches, dreams, and ho, ho, ho.

Since Hag-bred *Merlins* time, have I  
 Continu'd Night-sports to and fro ;  
 That for my pranks men call me by  
 The Name of *Robin Good-Fellow*.  
 There's neither Hag, nor Sprite, nor Wag,  
 Nor Fiends, nor Goblins, but me know ;  
 The Beldams old, my Tales have told :  
 Sing *Vale, vale ; Ho, ho, ho.*

ABOB  
 Sp  
 Et quic  
 Et sp

Pracep  
 Et tr  
 Larval  
 Quis

Nunc ca  
 Nunc  
 Si quis  
 Per

Cum ju  
 Ignor  
 Tunc se  
 Hac

Si quanc  
 Et si  
 Et si spe  
 Noct

Post Inc  
 ut co  
 Me Dan  
 Deca

WHen  
 T  
 He ente  
 And

## The same in Latin.

**A** Oberon Lemurium, Lemeriorum Regulo,  
Spectator vni lusum illius jussu Robbio,  
Et quicquid joci, fit hic loci, quocunque vado in angulo,  
Et speculatur & conjocatur, sanorum boans ho, ho, ho.

Præceps seror per aerem telo trifulco citius,  
Et trans Lunaria penetrem, momento brevi ocyus,  
Larvatus frater non vagatur, quocunque vado in angulo,  
Quia Robbio, huic obvio, & facta exploro ho, ho, ho.

Nunc canis, nunc accipiter, ut homo nunc obambulo,  
Nunc equi fama induor, & levis circumcurfio.  
Si quis preheudat, meque ascendat, velocius aura rapio,  
Per prata, montes, vada, fontes, risumque tollo ho, ho, ho.

Cum juvenes, convivio, admiscunt se puellulis,  
Ignotas vinum haurio, & impleor bellariis,  
Tunc sterto, strepo, & tunc crepo, lucernam statu eventilo,  
Hæc basiat, quis hic clamatur, cachinnans reddo ho,  
(ho, ho.)

Si quando cum consorte larva, in circulum tripudio,  
Et si spectemur nos per arva, acutiori oculo,  
Et si spectator eloquatur, nec os obturet digito,  
Noctu vellicamus & terremus sum spectris & cum ho,  
(ho, ho.)

Post Incubigenitum Merlinum, nocturna feci ludicra,  
ut combibonem me Robinum, vocent ob jocularia,  
Me Dæmones, me Lemures, me novit & tenebrio,  
Decantat me Venefica; Valet, vale, ho, ho, ho.

## SONG LXVI.

**W**hen Arthur first in Court began  
To wear long hanging Sleeves,  
He entertain'd three Serving men,  
And all of them were Thieves:

The first he was an Irish man,  
 The second was a Scot,  
 The third he was a Welchman;  
 And all were Knaves I wor.

The Irish man lov'd *usquebah*,  
 The Scot lov'd Ale call'd *Blew Cap*;  
 The Welchman he lov'd Toasted Cheese,  
 And made his mouth a Mouse-trap.  
*usquebah* burnt the Irish man,  
 The Scot was drown'd in Ale, (Mou  
 The Welchman had like t' have been choak'd with  
 But he pull'd her out by the Tayl.

## SONG LXVII.

If every Woman were served in her kind,  
 And every man had his due desert,  
 The Rooms in *Bridewell* would be well lin'd,  
 And a Coach could not pass the streets for a Cart.  
 Yet I am a little vexed at the heart,  
 And fain I would have my grief to be known,  
 The Punk would have me to play a kind part,  
 And to father a Child that is none of mine own.

Full seventeen months I crost the Seas,  
 And I was mean time crost as much on the Land;  
 For all this while she sat at her ease,  
 And had her Companions at her command:  
 There was never a Gallant but gave her his hand,  
 And said it was pity she should lie alone;  
 And now she would have me subscribe to a Bond,  
 And to father a Child that is none of my own.

Let every Father take care for his Child;  
 And seek to provide for the Mother and that.:

Altho

Although I am a Buck, I am not so wild  
 To nail up my Horns for another mans Har;  
 I'll never grieve, but let it pass,  
 Since it is my fortune to be overthrown;  
 Although I am an Ox, I'll ne'er be an Ass,  
 To father a Child that is none of my own.

A man may be made a Cuckold by chance,  
 And put out another mans Child to Nurse:  
 So hoodwink his Barn with ignorance;  
 But he that's a Wittal is ten times worse,  
 And he that knows his Cross and his Cause,  
 And will still be led by a strumpets moan,  
 May sit and sell horns at *Bitans Burys*,  
 And father a Child that is none of his own.

And if you will be my Judge,  
 Is not that man wondrous base,  
 To be another mans slave and Drudge,  
 And sell all his Credit for Disgrace.  
 Nor was I ever sprung from that Race,  
 To call that my Seed another hath sown;  
 For I'll never look King *Charles* in the face,  
 If I father a Child that is none of mine own.

## SONG LXVIII.

Think me still in my Fathers Mill,  
 Where I have oft been found--2,  
 Thrown on my back on a well-fill'd sack,  
 While the Mill has still gone round--2,  
 Pretbee Sirrah try thy skill,  
 And again let the Mill go round--2.  
 The young one, the old one, the fearful, the bold one,  
 The lame one, though ne'er so unsound,  
 The Jew or the Turk have leave for to work,  
 The whilst that the Mill goes round.

## SONG LXIX.

YE Fiends and Furies come along,  
 Each bring a Crow and massie Prong;  
 Come bring your Sheckles, and draw near,  
 To stir up an old Sea-coal cak'd,  
 That in the hollow Hell hath bak'd  
 Many a thousand thousand year.  
 In sulphurous Broth *Tyrius* hath boil'd;  
 Basted with Brimstone: *Tarquin* hath broil'd  
 Long, long enough; then make room:  
 Like smoaky Flitches hang 'um by  
 Upon their sooty walls to dry;  
 A greater Ravisher will come.  
 If you want fire, fetch it from *Aetna* pure,  
 Yet stay a while, and do not stir;  
 For if his glowing eyes should chance  
 On *Proserpine* to shoot a glance,  
 He is so hor, he'd ravish her.

## SONG LXX.

DISputes daily arise, and errors grow bolder,  
 Philosophers prattle, and so does the Sizer;  
 The more we should know then by being the older:  
 But plainly t' appears there's no body wiser:  
 He that spends what he has, and wisely drinks all,  
 'Tis he is the man Ma-the-ma-ti-cal.

## SONG LXXI.

WHERE the Bee sucks, there suck I,  
 In a Cowslips Bell I lie;  
 There I crouch, when Owls do cry,  
 On the Bats back I do fly,  
 After Summer merrily:  
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,  
 Under the Blossom that hangs on the Bow.

Song



SONG LXXII.

WHAT shall he have that kill'd the Deer ?  
 His Leather skin and Horns to wear ;  
 Then sing him home, the rest shall bear his burthen,  
 Take thou no scorn  
 To wear the Horn,  
 It was a crest ere thou wast born ;  
 Thy Fathers Father wore it,  
 And thy Father bore it :  
 The Horn, the Horn, the lusty Horn,  
 Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

SONG LXXIII.

A Curse upon thee for a Slave,  
 Art thou here, and heard'st me rave ?  
 Fly not sparkles from mine eye,  
 To shew my indignation nigh ?  
 Am I not all foam and fire ?  
 With voice as hoarse as a Town-cryer ;  
 How my back opes and shuts together,  
 With fury, as old mens with weather :  
 Could'st thou not hear my teeth knock hither ?  
 Thou nasty, scurvy mungrel Toad,  
 Mischief on thee, light upon thee,  
 All the Plagues that can confound thee,  
 Or did ever reign abroad :  
 Better a thousand lives it cost,  
 Then have brave Anger spilt or lost.

SONG LXXIV.

I Can love for an hour when I'm at leisure,  
 He that loves half a day sins without measure :  
 Cupid come tell me, what Art had thy Mother,  
 To make me love one face more than another ?

Men to be thought more wise daily endeavour  
 To make the world believe they can love ever.  
 Ladies believe them not, they will deceive you,  
 For when they have their wills, then they will leave you  
 Men cannot feast themselves with your sweet features,  
 They love variety of charming Creatures;  
 Too much of any thing sets them a cooling;  
 Though they can nothing do, they will be fooling.

## SONG LXXV.

*Tom* and *Will* were Shepherd-Swains,  
 They lov'd and liv'd together;  
 When fair *Pastora* grac'd their Plains:  
 Alas! why came she thither?  
 For though they fed two several Flocks,  
 They had but one desire;  
*Pastora's* Eyes and Amber Locks,  
 Set both their hearts on fire.  
*Tom* came of honest gentle Race,  
 By Father and by Mother:  
*Will* was Noble, but alas,  
 He was a younger Brother.  
*Tom* was toylom, *Will* was sad;  
 No Huntsman, nor no Fowler:  
*Tom* was held a proper Lad,  
 But *Will* the better Bowler.  
*Tom* would drink her health, and swear  
 The Nation could not want her;  
*Will* could take her by the ear,  
 And with his voice enchant her.  
*Tom* kept always in her sight,  
 And ne'er forgot his duty,  
*Will* was witty, and could write  
 Smooth Sonnets on her Beauty.  
 Thus did she exercise her skill,  
 When both did doat upon her,

She graciously did use them still,  
 And still preserv'd her honour.  
 So cunning and so fair a she,  
 And of so sweet behaviour,  
 That *Tom* thought he, and *Will* thought he  
 Was chiefly in her favour.  
 Which of those two she loved most,  
 Or whether she lov'd either,  
 'Tis thought they'l find it to their cost,  
 That she indeed lov'd neither.  
 For to the Court *Pastora*'s gone,  
 'T had been no Court without her;  
 The Queen among her train had none  
 Was half so fair about her.  
*Tom* hung his Dog, and threw away  
 His Sheep-Crook, and his Waller,  
*Will* burst his Pipes, and curst the day  
 That e'er he made a Sonnet.

## SONG LXXVI.

**T**Is well, 'tis well with them (say I)  
 Whose short-liv'd passions with themselves can dye.  
 For none can be unhappy, who  
 Midst all his ills a time doth know,  
 Though ne'er so long, when he shall not be so.  
 What ever parts of me remain,  
 Those parts will still the love of thee retain;  
 For 'twas not only in my heart,  
 But like a God, by powerful art,  
 'Twas all in all, and all in every part.  
 For my affection no more perish can,  
 Then the first matter that compounds a man.  
 Hereafter if one Dust of me  
 Mixt with anothers substance be,  
 'Twill leaven that whole Lump with love of thee;

Let Nature, if she please, disperse;  
 My Atoms over all the Universe;  
 At the last they easily shall  
 Themselves know, and together call,  
 For thy Love, like a Mark, is stamp'd on all.

## SONG LXXVII.

DEAR Love, let me this ev'ning die,  
 O smile not to prevent it;  
 But use this opportunity,  
 Lest we do both repent it.  
 Frown quickly then, and break my heart,  
 So that my way of dying  
 May, though my life prove full of smart,  
 Be worth the worlds envying.  
 Some, striving Knowledge to refine,  
 Consume themselves with thinking;  
 And some, whose friendship's seal'd in Wine,  
 Are kindly kill'd with drinking.  
 And some are wrack'd on *Indian* Coast,  
 Thither by gain invited;  
 And some in smoak of battle lost,  
 Whom Drums nor Flutes delighted.  
 Alas, how poorly these depart,  
 Their Graves still unattended!  
 Who dies not of a broken heart,  
 In love is not befriended:  
 His memory is only sweet,  
 All praise, no pity moving,  
 Who fondly at his Mistress feet,  
 Doth dye with over-loving.  
 And now thou frownst, and now I die,  
 My Corps by Lovers follow'd,  
 Shall shortly by dead Lovers lie,  
 For that ground's only hallow'd.

If the Priest tak'<sup>t</sup> ill I have a grave,  
 My death not well approving,  
 The Poets my Estate shall have,  
 To teach the Art of loving :  
 And now let Lovers ring the Bells  
 For the poor youth departed,  
 He which all others else excels,  
 That are not broken-hearted.  
 My Grave with Flowers let Virgins strow,  
 But if thy Tears fall near them,  
 They'll so excel in scent and show,  
 Thyself wilt shortly wear them :  
 Such flowers how much will *Flora* prize,  
 That on a Lover's growing,  
 And water'd by his Mistress eyes,  
 With pity over-flowing ?  
 A Grave so deck'd will (though thou art  
 Yet fearful to come nigh me)  
 Provoke thee straight to break thy heart,  
 And lie down boldly by me.  
 Then ev'ry where the Bells shall ring,  
 While all to black is turning,  
 All Torches burn, and each Quire sing,  
 As Nature's self were mourning.  
 And we hereafter may be found  
 (By Destinies right placing)  
 Making, like flowers, love under ground,  
 Whose roots are still embracing.

## SONG LXXVIII.

**P**ompey was a mad-man, a mad-man,  
 Pompey was a mad-man, a mad-man was he,  
 So long he was a gladman, a gladman,  
 So long he was a gladman, a gladman was he,  
 Till *Caesar* in *Pharsalia* routed his Battalia,  
 'Cause he was a madder, a madder far than he.

Then

Then be thou mad, and I mad, and mad let us be,  
 And the Devil himself shan't be madder than we.

## SONG LXXIX.

**T**He Pot and the Pipe,  
 The Cup and the Can  
 Have quite undone, quite undone  
 Many a man.  
 The Hawk and the Hound,  
 The Dice and the Whore,  
 Have quite undone, quite undone  
 Many a score,  
 Quite undone, quite undone  
 Many a more.

## SONG LXXX.

**T**Here was three Cooks of *Colebrook*,  
 And they fell out with our Cook,  
 And all was for a pudding they took  
 From one of the Cooks of *Colebrook*.  
 Slash Cook,  
 Swash Cook,  
 And thou maist kiss mine Arse Cook,  
 And all was for a pudding they took  
 From one of the Cooks of *Colebrook*.  
 And they fell all on our Cook,  
 And beat him sore that he did look  
 As black as did the pudding he took  
 From one of the Cooks of *Colebrook*.

## SONG LXXXI.

**N**O man Loves fiery passion can approve;  
 As yielding either pleasure or promotion;  
 I like a mild and luke-warm zeal in Love,  
 Although I do not like it in devotion.

For it hath no coherence with my Creed,  
To think that Lovers do as they pretend ;  
If all that said they dy'd, had dy'd indeed,  
Sure long ere this the world had had an end.  
Some one perhaps in long Consumption dri'd,  
And after falling into Love might dye :  
But I dare swear he never yet had dy'd,  
Had he been half so sound at heart as I.  
Another, rather than incur the slander  
Of false Apostate, will true Martyr prove ;  
But I am neither *Iphys* nor *Leander*,  
I'll neither hang, nor drown my self for Love.  
Yet I have been a Lover by report,  
And I have dy'd for Love as others do,  
But prais'd be *Jove* it was in such a sort,  
That I reviv'd within an hour or two.  
Thus have I liv'd, thus have I lov'd till now,  
And ne'er had reason to repent me yet,  
And whosoever otherwise will do,  
His Courage is as little as his Wit.

## SONG LXXXII.

**S**Trait my green Gown into Breeches I'll make,  
My long yellow Locks much shorter I'll rake,  
With a Hey Down, Down, a Down, Down-a.  
Then I'll cut me a Switch, and with that ride about,  
And wander, and wander, till I find him out ;  
With a Hey Down, Down, a Down, Down-a.  
And when *Philander* shall be dead,  
I'll bury him, I'll bury him ;  
And I'll bury him in a Primrose-Bed,  
Then I'll sweetly ring his Knell,  
With a pretty Cowslip Bell :  
Ding Dong Bell, Ding Dong Bell.

SONG

## SONG LXXXIII.

I Wo' not go to't, I mun not go to'r,  
 for love, nor yet for fee ;  
 For I am a maid, and will be a maid,  
 And a good one till I dee ;  
 Yet mine intent I could repent,  
 For one mans company.

## SONG LXXXIV.

HE that marries a merry Lads,  
 He has most cause to be sad :  
 For let her go free in her merry tricks,  
 She'll work his patience mad.  
 But he that marries a scold, a scold,  
 He has most cause to be merry ;  
 For when she's in her fits,  
 He may cherish his wits,  
 With singing hey down derry.  
 He that weds a roaring Girl,  
 That will both scratch and fight,  
 Though he study all day  
 To make her away,  
 Will be glad to please her at night.  
 And he that copes with a sullen Wench,  
 That scarce will speak at all,  
 Her doggedness more  
 Than a Scold or a Whore,  
 Will penetrate his gall.  
 He that's match'd with a Turtle Dove,  
 That has no spleen about her,  
 Shall waste so much life  
 In love of his Wife,  
 He had better be without her.

Song



## SONG LXXXV.

• **S**Tay, shut the Gate,  
 T'other Quart; for 'tis not solate  
 As your thinking;  
 The Stars which you see  
 In the Hemisphere be,  
 Are but studs in our Cheeks by good drinking.  
 The Sun's gone to tiddle all Night in the Sea, Boys,  
 To morrow he'll blush, that he's paler than we, Boys,  
 Drink Wine, give him Water, 'tis Sack makes us the  
 Fill up the Glass, (Boys.  
 To the next merry Lad let it pass,  
 Come away with'r:  
 Let's set foot to foot,  
 And give our minds to'r;  
 'Tis Heretical Six that doth flay wit.  
 Then hang up good Faces, let's drink till our Noses  
 Gives freedom to speak what our fancy disposes,  
 Beneath whose protection now under the Rose is.  
 Drink off your Bowl,  
 'Twill enrich both your head and your soul  
 With Canary;  
 For a Carbuncled Face,  
 Saves a tedious Race,  
 And the *Indies* about us we carry:  
 No *Helicon* like to the Juyce of the Vine is,  
 For *Phæbus* had never had wit that divine is,  
 Had his face not been bow-dy'd as thine is and mine is.  
 This must go round,  
 Off with your Hats till the Pavement be crown'd  
 With your Beavers;  
 A Red-coated Face  
 Frights a Serjeant and's Mace,  
 Whilst the Constable trembles to shivers.

In state march our Faces, like some of the Quorum,  
While the Whores do fall down, & the vulgar adore'um,  
And our Noses, like Link-Boys, go shining before'um,

## SONG LXXXVI.

**M**Y Lodging it is on the cold ground,  
And very hard is my fare,  
But that which troubles me most, is,  
The unkindness of my Dear;  
Yet still I cry, O turn my Love,  
And I prethee Love turn to me,  
For thou art the man that I long for,  
And alack what Remedie?  
I'll crown thee with Garlands of straw then,  
And I'll marry thee with a Rush Ring,  
My frozen hopes shall thaw then,  
And merrily we will sing;  
O turn to me my dear Love,  
And I prethee Love turn to me,  
For thou art the man that alone canst  
Procure my Liberty.  
But if thou wilt harden thy heart still,  
And be deaf to my pitiful moan,  
Then I must endure the smart still,  
And tumble in straw all alone,  
Yet still I cry, O turn Love,  
And I prethee turn to me,  
For thou art the man that alone art  
The cause of my misery.

## SONG LXXXVII.

**T**Hou Deity, swift-winged Love,  
Sometimes below, sometimes above;  
Little in shape, but great in power,  
Thou that mak'st thy heart a Tower,

And

And thy loop-holes Ladies eyes,  
From whence thou strik'st the fools and wise.  
Did all the Shafts in thy fair Quiver,  
Stick fast in my ambitious Liver ;  
Yet thy power would I adore,  
And call upon thee to shoot more,  
Shoot more, shoot more.

## SONG LXXXVIII.

HElp, help, O help, Divinity of Love,  
Or Neptune will commit a rape  
Upon my *Chloris*, she's on his Bosom,  
And without a wonder cannot scape.  
See, see, the winds grow drunk with joy, and throng  
So fast to see *Leves Argo*, and the wealth it bears,  
That now the racking and the sails they tear,  
They fight, they fight, who shall convey  
*Amintor's* Love into her Bay,  
And hurl the Seas at one another,  
As if they would the Welkin smother.  
Hold *Boreas*, hold ! he will not hear ;  
The Rudder cracks, the Main Mast falls,  
The Pilot swears, the Skipper bawls :  
A shower of Clouds in darkness fall,  
To put out *Chloris's* Light withal.  
Ye Gods where are ye ? Are ye all asleep,  
Or drunk with Nectar ? Why do you not keep  
A Watch upon your Ministers of Fate ?  
Tye up the Winds, or they will blow the Seas  
To Heaven, and drown your Deities.  
A calm, a calm, O miracle of Love !  
The Sea-born Queen that sits above  
Hath heard *Amintor's* cries,  
And Neptune now must lose his prize.  
Welcome, welcome, *Chloris*, to the shore,  
Thou shalt go to Sea no more.

We to *Tempes* Groves will go,  
 Where the calmer winds do blow,  
 And embark our hearts together,  
 Fearing neither Rocks nor Weather;  
 But out-ride the storms of Love,  
 And for ever constant prove.

## SONG LXXXIX.

**C***upid's* no God, a wanton Child,  
 His Art's too weak, his Power's too mild;  
 No active heat, nor noble fire  
 Feathers his Arrows with desire;  
 'Tis not his Bow or Shaft, 'tis *Venus* eye  
 Makes him ador'd, and crowns his Deity.

## SONG XC.

**I**F I freely might discover  
 What would please me in my Lover,  
 I would have her fair and witty,  
 Savouring more of Court than City;  
 A little proud, but full of pity;  
 Light and humorous in her toying,  
 Oft building hopes, and soon destroying;  
 Neither too easie, nor too hard:  
 All extreams I would have barr'd.

## SONG XCI.

**Y**oung and simple though I am,  
 I have heard of *Cupid's* name;  
 Guess I can what thing it is  
 Men desire when they do kiss:  
 Smoak can never burn they say,  
 But the flames that follow may,

I am not so fond or fair,  
 To be proud, or to despair;

Yet m  
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 Venus

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Ye

Yet my Lips have oft observ'd  
Men that kiss them press too hard;  
As glad Lovers use to do,  
When their new-met Loves they woo.

Faith 'tis but a foolish mind,  
Yet methinks a heat I find,  
And thirsty longing that doth bide  
Ever on the weaker side.  
O! I feel my heart doth move,  
*Venus* grant it be not love.

If it be, alas what then?  
Were not women made for men?  
As good it were a thing were past,  
That must needs be done at last.  
Roses that are over-blown  
Grow less sweet, and fall alone.

Yet no Churl, nor filken Gull,  
Shall my Virgin-blossom pull.  
Who shall nor, I soon can tell;  
Who shall, would I could as well;  
Yet I'm sure what e'er he be,  
Love he must, or flatter me.

### SONG XCII.

OH that joy so soon should waste,  
Or so sweet a bliss  
As a kiss,

Might not for ever last.

A sugry melting so soft, so delicious,  
The Dew that lies on Roses,  
When the Morn her self discloses,  
Is not so precious:  
Or rather when I would it smother,  
Were I to taste but such another,

It would be my wishing,  
That I might die with kissing.

## SONG XCIII.

**W**Hy so pale and wan fond Lover ?  
Prethee why so pale ?  
If looking well it will not move her,  
Can looking ill prevail ?  
Prethee why so pale ?  
Why so dull and mute, young Sinner ?  
Prethee why so mute ?  
If speaking well it cannot win her,  
Can saying nothing do't ?  
Prethee why so mute ?  
Quit, quit, for shame ? this will not move her,  
This cannot take her :  
If of her self she will not love,  
Nothing can make her,  
The Devil take her.

## SONG XCIV.

**A**Mongst the *Myrtles*, as I walk'd  
Alone, I with my sighs thus talk'd :  
Tell me, said I, in deep distress,  
Where I may find my Shepherdess.

Thou fool, said Love, know'st thou not this ?  
In every thing that's good she is ;  
In yonder Tulip go and seek,  
There thou shalt find her Lip and Cheek.

In that enamell'd Pancy by,  
There thou shalt finde her curious eye,  
In bloom of Peach, in Roses Bud,  
There waves the streamers of her Blood.

'Tis true, said I, and thereupon  
I went and pluck'd them one by one,  
To make of parts an Union,  
But on a sudden all was gone.

At which I stopt : said Love, These be,  
Fond man, Resemblances of thee :  
For as these flowers, thy joy must die,  
Even in the turning of an eye ;  
And all thy hopes of her must wither,  
As do these flowers, when knit together.

## SONG XCV.

Farewel thou dearest of my Crimes,  
Be never more th' abuser of my times,  
Lest that I curse too late  
The Errors of my Fate,  
Which made me love thee :  
All ye Deities Divine,  
Strengthen this request of mine ;  
Then may I say,  
Frail Delight pass away,  
I am rul'd by a Power that's above thee.

No more shall thy seducing smiles  
Thy winning looks, or other sweet beguiles,  
Have power to withdraw  
My heart from Love, by Law  
Sealed to another.

Cupid I thy power desie,  
Thou art a flattering Deity ;  
And there are none  
But say, Thou art the Son  
Of a fair, foolish, fickle, wanton Mother.

## SONG XCVI.

**A** Silly poor Shepherd was folding his Sheep,  
 He walked so long he got cold in his feet;  
 He laid on his Coals by two and by three,  
 But the more he laid on, the Cuc-colder was he.

Alas, good VVife, what shall we do now?  
 To buy us more fewel we'll sell the brown Cow;  
 To buy us more Coals to warm thee and me:  
 But the more he laid on, the Cuc-colder was he.

Some Shepherds, said she, themselves warm can keep,  
 By feeding their Flocks, and folding their Sheep,  
 But when thou com'st home with thy Tarbox & Hook,  
 O it grieves me to see how Cuc-cold thou dost look.

Alas, good wife, I walk through dew, dirt and mire,  
 VVhilst thou perhaps warm'st thy self with a Fire,  
 VVith a Friend in a Corner, in some such sort, whereby  
 The warmer thou art, the Cuc-colder am I.

## SONG XCVII.

**Y**our merry Poets, old Boys,  
 Of *Aganippus* VVell,  
 Full many Tales have told, Boys,  
 VVhose Liquor doth excel;  
 And how that place was haunted  
 By those that lov'd good VVine,  
 VVho rippl'd there, and chaunted  
 Among the Muses Nine;  
 VVhere still they cry'd, Drink clear, Boys,  
 And you shall quickly know it,  
 That 'tis not lousie Beer, Boys,  
 But VVine that makes a Poet.



## SONG XCVIII.

**I**N a season all oppressed,  
 VVith sad sorrows sore distressed  
*Troilus* said unto his *Cressed*,  
 Yield, O yield thee, Sweet, and stay not :  
 O no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, Sweet Love, I may not.

Strife in Love, is Loves uniting,  
 These hands were not made for fighting,  
 But for mutual hearts delighting :  
 Yield, O yield then, Sweet, and stay not :  
 O no, no, &c. Sweet Love, I may not.

Dear, if you will still persevere  
 In this No, which answers never,  
 Do what I desire you ever,  
 And again say No, and spare not :  
 O no, no, &c. I dare not.

Since nor time, nor place, nor plaining  
 Can change this word of disdaining,  
 VVhat is there for me remaining,  
 But to die, if you gain-say not ?  
 O no, no, no, &c. I may not.

## SONG XCIX.

**C**ome, come, you Ladies of the Night,  
 That in silent sports delight,  
 And see the wanton Moon-shine play,  
 To light us in our doleful way.  
 Come, come, come, Ladies come ;  
 The night's not blind, though deaf and dumb.

Ladies, have you seen a Toy  
 Called Love, a little Boy ?

Almost naked, wanton, blind,  
 Cruel now, and then as kind.  
 If he be 'mongst you, Ladies, say,  
 That he is *Venus* Run-away.  
 Marks he hath about him plenty,  
 You may know him amongst twenty;  
 As his Body is on fire,  
 And his Breath our flames desire,  
 So being sent like Lightning in,  
 He wounds our hearts, but not our skin.  
 If any here can but discover  
 Where this winged Wag doth hover,  
 For her pains shall have a kiss,  
 When and where her heart can wish:  
 But she that can but bring him to his Mother,  
 From *Venus* and her Boy shall have another.

## SONG C.

**W**hy should passion lead thee blind,  
 'Cause thy Mistress is unkind?  
 She's yet too young to know delight,  
 And is not plum'd for *Cupid's* flight.  
 She cannot yet, in height of pleasure,  
 Pay her Lovers equal measure:  
 But like a Rose, new blown, doth feed  
 The Eye alone, but yield no seed.  
 She is as yet but in her Spring,  
 Cold in love, till *Cupid* bring  
 A hotter season with his fire,  
 Which soon will kindle her desire.  
 Autumn will shortly come and greet her,  
 Making her taste and colour sweeter:  
 Her ripeness then will soon be such,  
 That she will fall, even with a touch.

SONG

## SONG CI,

**H**E that will court a Wench that is coy,  
That is proud, that is peevish and antick,  
Let him be careless to sport and toy,  
And as peevish as she is frantick :  
Laugh at her, and slight her,  
Flatter her, spight her,  
Rail and commend her again.

It is the way to woo her,  
If that you mean to come close to her,  
Such Girls will love such men.

He that will court a Wench that is mild,  
That is soft and kind of behaviour ;

Let him kindly woo her,  
Not roughly come to her ;  
'Tis the way to win her favour.

Give her kisses plenty ;  
She'll take them were they twenty ;  
Stroke her and kiss her again ;

It is the way to wo her,  
If that you mean to come close to her,  
Such Girls do love soft men.

He that will court a Wench that is mad,  
That will squeek and cry out if you handle her,

Let him kiss and fling,  
Till he make the house ring,  
'Tis the only way to tame her :

Take her up and touze her,  
Salute her and ronze her,  
Then kiss her and please her again :

It is the way to woo her,  
If that you mean to come close to her ;  
Mad Girls do love mad men.

## SONG CII.

A Nymph (when as the Summers beams  
made hot the colder air)  
Into a fountains crystal streams,  
to bathe her did repair:  
And by degrees she boldly did  
at length those parts unhide;  
Which to the bashful, Nature made  
so curious to be spy'd.

Oft downwards would she cast her head,  
and blushing look away;  
Then twist her arms, and twine her thighs,  
as fearful to betray  
Her self unto her fearful self:  
thus frighted, she at last  
Into the fountains swiftest streams  
her purest body cast.

The waves did proudly bear her up,  
and yet the silver brook  
Seem'd not to clean'e her as she swam,  
but from her purifying took.  
And underneath the crystal streams,  
as she did gliding pass,  
She seemed like a Lily fair,  
that sunk into a glass.

And as she did her dainty arms  
in sundry sort display,  
Oft-times she would, *Narcissus*-like,  
with her own shadow play.  
Oft would she lie upon her back,  
with legs and arms both spread,  
And imitate those wanton Joys  
That women use in bed.

Women their modesty forger,  
and often lay aside;  
This Nymph, that thought her self unseen,  
was by a Shepherd spy'd;  
Who ravish'd with the sight he saw,  
no longer stay'd to wo her,  
But flung away his hook and scrip,  
and boldly stept unto her.

She screeking div'd, thought to have hid  
her self but all in vain,  
The waters to preserve her life,  
Did bear her up again:  
The Shepherd caught her in his arms,  
and laid her on the brink,  
And what he did without delay,  
you know or else may think.

## SONG CIII.

AS I travers'd to and fro,  
And in the fields was walking,  
I chanc'd to hear two Sisters,  
That secretly were talking:  
The younger to the elder said,  
Prethee why do'st not marry?  
In faith quoth she, I'll tell to thee,  
I mean not long to tarry.  
When I was fifteen years of age,  
Then I had Suitors many,  
But I a wanton peevish Wench,  
Would not sport with any:  
Till at the last, I sleeping fast,  
Cupid came to wo me;  
And like a Lad that was stark mad,  
He swore he would come to me.

And then he lay down by my side,  
And spread his Arms upon me,  
And I being 'twixt asleep and wake,  
Did strive to thrust him from me ;  
But he with all the power he had,  
Did lie the harder on me.  
And then he did so play with me,  
As I was play'd with never :  
The wanton Boy so pleased me,  
I would have slept for ever.  
And then methought the world turn'd round,  
And *Phœbus* fell a skipping,  
And all the Nymphs and Goddesses  
About us two were tripping.  
Then seemed *Neptune* as he pour'd  
His Ocean streams upon us,  
But *Boreas* with his blustering blasts  
Did strive to keep him from us.  
Limping *Vulcan* he came in,  
As if he had been jealous,  
*Venus* followed after him,  
And swore he'd blow the bellows ;  
*Mars* call'd *Cupid* Jack-an-apes,  
And swore he would him smother ;  
Quoth *Cupid*, Said I so to thee,  
When thou lay'st with my Mother ?  
*Juno* then and *Jupiter*  
Came marching with *Apollo* ;  
*Pan* came in with *Mercury*,  
And so began the hollow :  
*Cupid* ran and hid himself,  
And so of Joys bereft me ;  
For suddenly I did awake,  
And all these fancies left me.

## SONG CIV.

I'LL gaze no more on that bewitching face,  
 Since ruine harbours there in ev'ry place :  
 For my enchanted Soul alike she drowns,  
 With calms and tempests of her smiles and frowns:  
 I'll love no more those cruel eyes of hers,  
 Which pleas'd or anger'd, still are murderers.  
 For if she dart, like Lightning through the air  
 Her Beams of wrath, she kills me with despair:  
 If she behold me with a pleasing eye,  
 I surfeit with excess of Joy, and dye.

## SONG CV.

SAY, lovely dream, where could'st thou find  
 Shades to counterfeir that face ?  
 Colours of this glorious kind,  
 Come not from any Mortal place.

In Heaven it self thou sure wert drest  
 With that Angel-like disguise :  
 Thus deluded am I blest,  
 And see my Joy with closed eyes,

But ah ! this Image is too kind,  
 To be other than a dream,  
 Cruel Sacharissa's mind  
 Ne'er put on that sweet extream.

Fair Dream, if thou intend'st me grace,  
 Change this heavenly form of thine ;  
 Paint despis'd Love in thy face,  
 And make it to appear like mine.

Pale, VVan, and Meager, let it look,  
 With a pity-moving shape,  
 Such as wander by the Breok  
 Of *Lethe*, or from Graves escape.

Then to that matchless Nymph appear,  
 In whose shape thou shinest so,  
 Softly in her sleeping ear  
 With humble words express my wo.

Perhaps from greatness, stare, and pride;  
 Thus surpris'd she may fall;  
 Sleep does disproportion hide,  
 And death resembling equals all.

## SONG CVI.

**B**Ehold the brand of Beauty tost,  
 See how the motion does dilate the flame,  
 Delighted Love his spoils does boast,  
 And triumph in this Game;  
 Fire to no place confin'd,  
 Is both our wonder and our fear,  
 Moving the Mind  
 Like Lightning hurled through the Air.

High Heaven, the glory doth increase  
 Of all her shining Lamps this artful way;  
 The Sun in figures, such as these;  
 Joys with the Moon to play;  
 To these sweet strains they advance  
 Which do result from their own sphears,  
 As this Nymphs dance  
 Moves with the Numbers which she hears.



## SONG CVII.

**H**ow ill doth he deserve a Lovers name,  
Whose pale weak flame  
Cannot retain

His heat in spight of absence or disdain;  
But doth at once, like paper set on fire,  
Burn and expire.

True Love can never change his fear,  
Nor did he ever love, that could retreat;  
That Noble Flame: which my Brestk eeps alive,  
Shall still survive,  
When my Soul's fled;  
Nor shall my Love die when my Body's dead,  
That shall wait on me to the lower shade,  
And never fade.

My very Ashes in their Urn,  
Shall, like a hallowed Lamp, for ever burn.

## SONG CVIII.

**L**et fools great Cupid's yoke disdain,  
Loving their own wild freedom better,  
Whilst proud of my triumphant Chain,  
I sit and court my beauteous fencer

Her murd'ring glances, snaring hairs,  
And her bewitching smiles so please me,  
As he brings ruine that repairs  
The sweet Afflictions that displease me.

Hide not those panting Balls of Snow,  
With envious Veils from my beholding;  
Unlock these Lips their pearly row  
In a sweet smile of love unfolding.

And let those eyes whose motion wheels  
 The restless fate of every Lover;  
 Survey the pains my sick heart feels,  
 And wounds themselves have made, discover.

## SONG CIX.

*Stre.* **O** *Orpheus*, I am come from the deeps below  
 To thee, fond man, the plagues of love to show  
 To the fair Fields where Loves eternal dwell,  
 There's none that come, but first they pass through hell,  
 Hark, and beware, unless thou hast lov'd ever,  
 Belov'd again, thou shalt see those Joys never.  
 Hark how they groan that did despairing!

O take heed then:

Hark how they howl for ever daring!

All these were men.

They that be fools, and dye for fame,

They lose their name;

And they that bleed,

Hark how they speed.

Now in cold frosts, now scorching fires,

They sit and curse their lost desires:

Nor shall their souls be free from pains and fears,

Till women waite them over in their tears.

## SONG CX.

*Orph.* **C** *Haron*, O *Charon*,

Thou Waster of the Souls to Bliss or Bane,

*Cha.* Who calls the Ferry-man of Hell?

*Orph.* Come near,

And say who lives in Joy, and who in Fear.

*Cha.* Those that dye well, eternal Joy shall follow;

Those that dye ill, their own soul fate shall swallow.

*Orph.* Shall thy black Bark those guilty Spirits stow,  
 That kill themselves for Love?

*Cha.* O no, O no.

My

My Cordage cracks when such great sins are near,  
No wind blows fair, nor I my self can steer.

*Orph.* What Lovers pass, and in *Elysium* reign?

*Cha.* Those gentle Loves that are belov'd again.

*Orph.* This Souldier loves, and fain would dye to win,  
Shall he go on?

*Cha.* No, 'tis too foul a sin:

He must not come abroad: I dare not row,  
Storms of despair and guilty blood will blow.

*Orph.* Shall time release him? Say?

*Cha.* No, no, no, no;

Nor time, nor death can alter us, nor prayer;  
My Boat is Destined, and who then dare,  
But those appointed, come aboard? Live still,  
And love by Reason, Mortal, not by Will.

*Orph.* And when thy Mistress shall close up thine eyes,

*Cha.* Then come aboard and pass.

*Orph.* Till when be wise:

*Cha.* Till then be wise.

## SONG CXI.

Arm, arm, arm, arm, the Scouts are all come in,  
Keep your Ranks close, and now your honour win.  
Behold from yonder Hill the Foe appears,  
Bows, Bills, Glaves, Arrows, Shields, and Spears;  
Like a dark wood he comes, or tempest pouring;  
O view the wings of Horse, the Meadows scowring.  
The Vant-guard marches bravely, hark the Drums--*Dub*  
They meet, they meet, now the Battle comes: (*Dub*)

See how the Arrows fly,

That darken all the Sky;

Hark how the Trumpets sound,

Hark how the hills rebound---Tara, tara, tara.

Hark how the horses charge in boys, in boys in,--tara, tara  
The Barrel torters, now the wounds begin,--

O how they cry !

O how they dyd !

Room for the valiant *Admetus* arm'd with Thunder,  
See how he breaks the Ranks asunder :

They fly, they fly, *Eumenes* hath the Chase,  
And brave *Polixius* makes good his place.

To the Plains, to the Woods,

To the Rocks, to the Floods,

They fly for succour : follow, follow, follow, hey, hey

Hark how the Souldiers hollow

Brave *Dionis* is dead,

And all his Souldiers fled,

The Battle's won and lost,

That many a life hath cost.

### SONG CXII.

CAST cur Caps and Care away, this is Beggars  
(holiday)

At the Crowning of our King, thus we ever dance and  
(sing)

In the world look out & see, where so happy a Prince as he

Where the Nation lives so free, and so merry as do we :

Be it Peace, or be it War, here at liberty we are,

And enjoy our ease and rest, to the field we are not prest :

Nor are cal'd into the town to be troubled with the gown

Hark all Offices we cry, and the Magistrate too by :

When the Subsidies increas'd, we are not a peny self'd,

Now will any go to Law, with the beggar for a straw

All which happiness he brags, he doth owe unto his rag

### SONG CXIII.

TAKE her and tug her,

And turn her and hug her,

And turn again, Boy, again ;

Then if she mumble,

Or if her Tail grumble,

Kiss her amain, Boy, amain :  
 Do thy endeavour  
 To take off her Fever,  
 Then her disease no longer will raig.

If nothing will serve her,  
 Then thus to preserve her,  
 Swing her amain, Boy, amain ;  
 Give her cold Jelly  
 To take up her Belly,  
 And once a day swing her again :  
 If she stand all these pains,  
 Then knock out her Brains,  
 Her disease no longer will raig.

## SONG CXIV.

**B**Ring out your Coney-skins fair Maids to me,  
 And hold 'em fair that I may see,  
 Grey, black, and blue ; for your smaller skins  
 I'll give ye Looking-glasses, pins :  
 And for your whole Coney here's ready, ready money.  
 Come gentle *Jone*, do thou begin,  
 With thy black, black, black Coney-skin ;  
 And *Mary* then and *Jane* will follow,  
 With their silver hair'd skins, and their yellow :  
 The white Coney-skin I will not lay by,  
 For though it be faint, 'tis fair to the eye :  
 The grey it is warm, but yet for my money  
 Give me the bonny, bonny black Coney.  
 Come away fair Maids, your skins will decay,  
 Come and take money Maids, put your ware away.  
 Coney-skins, Coney skins, have ye any Coney-skins,  
 I have fine Bracelets, and fine silver Pins.

## SONG CXV.

**L**ook out bright eyes, and bless the Air,  
 Even in Shadows you are fair :  
 Shut-up Beauty is like fire,  
 That breaks out clearer still and higher :  
 Though your Body be confin'd,  
 And lost Love a Pris'ner bound,  
 Yet the beauty of your mind,  
 Neither Check nor Chain hath found.  
 Look out Nobly then, and dare  
 Even the Fetters that you wear.

## SONG CXVI.

**B**room, Broom, the bonny Broom,  
 Come buy my Birchen Broom,  
 T'ch' Wars we have no more room,  
 Buy all my bonny Broom  
 For a kiss take two ;  
 If those will not do,  
 For a little, little pleasure,  
 Take all my whole Treasure :  
 If all these will not do't,  
 Take the Broom-man to boot ;  
 Broom, Broom, the bonny Broom.

## SONG CXVII.

**T**He Wars are done and gone,  
 And Souldiers now neglected Pedlars are ;  
 Come, Maidens, come along ;  
 For I can shew you handsome, handsome ware ;  
 Powders for the head,  
 And drinke for your Bed,  
 To make ye blithe and bonny ;  
 As well in the night we Souldiers can fight,  
 And please a young Wench as any.

SONG

## SONG CXVIII.

**W**ill ye buy any honesty ? come away,  
 I sell it openly by day ;  
 I bring no forced Light nor Candle  
 To cozen ye ; come buy and handle.  
 This will shew the great man good,  
 The Tradesman where he swears and lies,  
 Each Lady of a Noble bloud ,  
 The City Dame to rule her eyes :  
 Ye are rich men now, come buy, and then  
 I'll make ye richer, honest men.

## SONG CXIX.

**H**Ave y' any crackt Maidenheads to new leach or mend ?  
 Have y' any old Maidenheads to sell, or to change ?  
 Bring 'em to me, with a little pretty gin,  
 I'll clout 'em, I'll mend 'em, I'll knock in a pin  
 Shall make 'em as good Maids agen  
 As ever they have been.

## SONG CXX.

**T**Is late and cold, stir up the fire,  
 Sit close, and draw the Table nigher :  
 Be merry, and drink wine that's old,  
 A hearty Med'cine 'gainst a Cold.  
 Your beds of wanton Down the best,  
 VWhere you shall tumble to your rest :  
 I could wish you wenches too,  
 But I am dead, and cannot do ;  
 Call for the best, the house may ring,  
 Sack, VWhite, and Claret let them bring,  
 And drink apace, while breath you have,  
 You'll find but cold drink in the Grave ;  
 Plover, Partridge for your Dinner,  
 And a Capon for the sinner.

You shall find ready when you are up,  
 And your Horse shall have his sup :  
 Welcome shall fly round,  
 And I shall smile, though under ground.

## SONG CXXI.

Come follow me you Country Lasses,  
 And you shall see such sport as passes :  
 You shall dance, and I will sing,  
 Pedro he shall rub the string ;  
 Each shall have a loose bodied Gown  
 Of green, and laugh till you lie down.  
 Come follow me, come follow, &c.

## SONG CXXII.

How long shall I pine for love ?  
 How long shall I sue in vain ?  
 How long, like the Turtle Dove,  
 Shall I heartily thus complain ?  
 Shall the sails of my love stand still ?  
 Shall the grists of my hopes be unground ?  
 Oh fie, oh fie, oh fie,  
 Let the Mill, let the Mill go round.

## SONG CXXIII.

I'll sing you a Sonnet that ne'r was in Print,  
 'Tis truly and newly come out of the Mint,  
 I'll tell you before-hand you'll find *nothing* in't.  
 On *nothing* I think, and on *nothing* I write,  
 'Tis *nothing* I court, yet *nothing* I sigh,  
 Nor care I a pin, if I get *nothing* by't.  
 Fire, Air, Earth and Water, Beasts, Birds, Fish, & Men  
 Did start out of *nothing*, a Chaos, a Den ;  
 And all things shall turn into *nothing* agen.  
 'Tis *nothing* sometimes that makes many things hit,  
 As when fools among wise men do silently sit,  
 A fool that says *nothing* may pass for a wit.

What



What one man loves is another mans lothing :  
This blade loves a quick thing, that loves a slow thing,  
And both do in the conclusion love *nothing*.

Your Lad that makes love to a delicate smooth thing,  
And thinking with sighs to gain her and soothing,  
Frequently makes much ado about *nothing*.

At last when his Patience and Purse is decaid,  
He may to the bed of a whore be betraid ;  
But she that hath *nothing*, must needs be a maid.

Your slathing, and clathing, and flashing of wit,  
Doth start out of *nothing* but fancy and fit ;  
'Tis little or *nothing* to what hath been writ.

When first by the ears we together did fall,  
Then something got *nothing*, and *nothing* got all ;  
From *nothing* it came, and to *nothing* it shall.

That party that seal'd to a Cov'nant in haste,  
Who made our 3 Kingdoms, and Churches lie waste,  
Their project, and all came to *nothing* at last.

They raised an Army of horse and of foot,  
To tumble down Monarchy, branches and root ;  
They thunder'd and plunder'd, but *nothing* would do't.

The Organ, the Alrar, and Ministers clothing,  
In Presbyter *Jack* begot such a lothing,  
That he must needs raise a perry new *nothing*.

And when he had rob'd us in sanctifi'd clothing,  
Perjur'd the people by faithing and trothing ;  
At last he was catch'd, and all came to *nothing*.

In several Factions we quarrel and brawl,  
Dispute, and contend, and to fighting we fall ;  
I'll lay all to *nothing*, that *nothing* wins all.

When war, and rebellion, and plundering grows,  
The mendicant man is the freest from foes ;  
For he is most happy hath *nothing* to lose.

Brave *Cæsar*, and *Pompey*, and great *Alexander*,  
Whom Armies did follow as Goose follows Gander,  
*Nothing* can say to an action of slander.

The

&amp; Men

gs his

What

The wisest great Prince, were he never so stout,  
Though conquer the world, and give mankind a rout,  
Did bring *nothing* in, nor shall bear *nothing* out.

Old *Noll* that arose to High-thing from Low-thing,  
By brewing rebellion, nicking and frothing,  
In seven years distance was All-things and *nothing*.

*Dick* (*Olivers* heir) that pitiful flow-thing,  
VWho once was invested with Purple clothing,  
Stands for a Cypher, and that stands for *nothing*.

If King-killers bold are exc'uded from blifs,  
Old *Bradshaw* (that feels the reward on't by this)  
Had better been *nothing*, than what now he is.

Blind Colonel *Hewson*, that lately did crawl  
To lofty degree from a low Coblers stall,  
Did bring Aul to *nothing*, when Aul came to all.

Your Gallant that rants it in delicate clothing,  
Though lately he was but a pitiful low thing,  
Pays Landlord, Draper, and Taylor with *nothing*.

The nimble-tongu'd Lawyer that pleads for his pay,  
VWhen Death doth arrest him and bear him away,  
At the General Bar will have *nothing* to say.

VVhores that in silk were by Gallants embrac't,  
By a rabble of Prentices lately were chac't,  
Thus courting and sporting comes to *nothing* at last.

If any man tax me with weakness of wit,  
And say that on *nothing*, I *nothing* have writ,  
I shall answer, *Ex nihilo nihil fit*.

Yet let his discretion be never so tall,  
This very word *nothing* shall give it a fall,  
For writing of *nothing* I comprehend all.

Let every man give the Poet his due;  
'Cause then 'twas with him, as now it's with you,  
He study'd it when he had *nothing* to do.

This very word *nothing*, if took the right way,  
May prove advantageous, for what would you say,  
If the Vintner should cry, there's *nothing* to pay.

SONG

## SONG CXXIV.

A Beggar, a Beggar, a Beggar I'll be,  
There's none leads a life more jocund than he.

A Beggar I was, and a Beggar I am,

A Beggar I'll be, from a Beggar I came ;

If as it begins our tradings do fall,

We in the conclusion shall Beggars be all.

Tradesmen are unfortunate in their affairs,

And few men are thriving, but Courtiers and Players.

A Craver my Father, a Maunder my Mother,

A Filer my Sister, a Filcher my Brother,

A Canter my Uncle, that car'd not for pelf,

A Lister my Aunt, and a Beggar my self :

In white wheaten straw when their Bellies were full,

Then I was b'got between Tinker and Trull.

And therefore a Beggar a Beggar I'll be,

For there's none leads a life more jocund than he.

When boys do come to us, and that their intent is

To follow our calling, we ne'r bind them Prentice ;

Soon as they come to't, we teach them to do't,

And give them a staff and a waller to boot,

We teach them their Lingua to crave and to cant,

The Devil is in them, if then they can want.

And or he or she, that Beggars will be,

Without Indentures they shall be made free.

We beg for our bread, yet sometimes it happens,

We feast it with Pig, Pullet, Coney, and Capons,

For Churches affairs we are no men-slayers,

We have no religion, yet live by our prayers.

But if when we beg, men will not draw their Purfes,

We charge and give fire with a volley of Curses,

The Devil confound your good Worship we cry,

And such a bold brazen-fac'd Beggar am I.

We do things in season, and have so much reason,

We raise no rebellion, nor ever talk treason,

We b.ll at our mates at very low rates,  
 Whilst some keep their Quarters as high as the gates,  
 VVith Shinkin ap Morgan, with Blue-cap or Toge,  
 VVe into no Covenant enter nor League.

*And therefore a bonny bold Beggar I'll be,*

*For none lives a life so jocund as he.*

For such petty pledges as shirts from the hedges,  
 VVe are not in fear to be d.awn upon sledges;  
 But sometimes the whip doth make us to skip,  
 And then we from Tithing to Tithing do trip:  
 For when in a poor bouzing ken we do bib it,  
 VVe stand more in fear of the Stocks than the Gibbet.

*And therefore a merry mad Beggar I'll be,*

*For when it is night, in the Barn tumbles he.*

VVe throw down no Alcar, nor ever do faulter,  
 So much as to change a Gold Chain for a Halter;  
 Though some men do flout us, and others do doubt us,  
 VVe commonly bear forty pieces about us:

But many good Fellows are fine and look fiercer,  
 That ow for their cloths to their Tailor and Mercer.

*And if from the Stocks I can keep out my feet,*

*I fear not the Compter, Kings-bench, nor the Fleet.*

Sometimes I do frame my self to be lame,  
 And when a Coach comes I do hop to my game.  
 VVe seldom miscarry, or ever do marry  
 By the Gown Common-Prayer, or Cloak Directory.  
 But Simon and Susau like birds of a feather,  
 They kiss and they laugh, and so lie down together.

*Like Pigs in the Pease-straw entangled they lie,*

*Till there they beget such a bold Rogue as I.*

### SONG CXXV.

**B**Right shines the Sun, play Beggars play,

Here's Scraps enough to serve to day.

VVhat noise of Viol's half so sweet,

As when our merry clappers roar?

VVhat

What mirth doth want when Beggars meet?

It is no misery to be poor.

Eat, drink, and play, sleep when we list,

Go where we will, so Stocks be mist,

Bright shines the Sun, &c.

The world is ours, and ours alone,

For we alone have world at will:

We purchase not, all is our own,

Both fields and streets we Beggars fill.

Nor Care to get, nor Fear to keep

Did ever break a Beggars sleep.

Bright shines the Sun, &c.

A hundred head of black and white

Upon our Gowns securely feed,

If any dares his master bite,

He dies therefore as sure as Creed.

Thus Beggars Lord it as they please,

And none but Beggars live at ease.

Bright shines the Sun, &c.

## SONG CXXVI.

Stay noble hearts th' other quart,

What dull fate is this that parts our communion?

But just now we were resolv'd to stay here,

Till *Phæbus* dissolv'd our union.

Is he gone to tippie boy, and shall we choak here?

Is he hem'd with vapors, and shall we not smoke here?

Boy fill the glass, here's a health

To each man here, and his Lads, fill 't up higher;

Or give me a Bowl; for I am thirsty as soul,

Whose top to the roof may aspire.

There's no harm in good Sherry;

Take my word, none at all, Boys,

It raises us up again, though we do fall, Boys,  
And makes even a Pigmy Giganrick and tall, Boys

## SONG CXXVII.

Sure it is so, then let it go,  
Let the giddy-brain'd times turn round,  
Let the Cobler be crown'd,  
And Monarchy thus we recover;  
Let Fools go and preach,  
And the Apes go and reach,  
And the Clown be the amorous Lover.

Let Fortune be blind, and Love prove unkind,  
And a Cobler as stout as *Hector*,  
Let *Diana* turn Whore,  
Let Excise-men grow poor;  
And a Brewer a second Protector.

Let the great Epicure no juncates endure,  
And an excellent Tradesman go hoop fir,  
Let a Whoremaster hap  
To want a good clap,  
And a Taylor at last turn a Trooper.

Let Merchants want gains, and Lovers high strains,  
And a Farmer his Skill in Cowing,  
Let the Lawyer come down  
To put off his Gown,  
And put on his Jacket for plowing.

Let an Hostler want dung, and an Orator tongue,  
And the Poets a sense of framing,  
Let a Lier want skill  
To have wit at will,  
And a common Shark know no Gaming.

Boys

He that ne'r read nor writ, shall be the only wit,  
 And in these and the like disasters,  
 There will none think me rude,  
 If I boldly conclude,  
 That this is a mad world, my masters.

## SONG CXXVIII.

Calm was the Evening, and clear was the sky,  
 And new budding flowers did spring,  
 When all alone went *Amyntas* and I  
 To hear the sweet Nightingale sing;  
 He laid him down by me,  
 And scarcely his breath he could draw,  
 But when with a fear  
 He began to draw near,  
 He was dasht with a *ha ha ha ha*.

He busht to himself and lay still for a while,  
 For his modesty curb'd his desire,  
 But straight I convinc'd all his fears with a smile,  
 And added new flames to his fire.  
 Ah *Sylvia* said he you are cruel  
 To keep your poor Lover in awe:  
 Then once more he prest  
 With his hands to my Brest,  
 But was dasht with a *ha ba ba ha*.

I knew 'twas his Passion that caus'd all his Fear,  
 And therefore I pitied his case,  
 I whisper'd him softly, there's no body near,  
 And I laid my cheek close to his face,  
 But as he grew bolder and bolder,  
 A Shepherd came by us and saw,  
 And just as our bliss  
 Began with a kiss,  
 He burst out with a *ha ha ha ha*.

SONG

## SONG CXXIX.

*Damon.*

*Celamina*, of my heart  
 None shall e'r bereave you,  
 If with your good leave I may  
 Quarrel with you once a day :  
 I shall never leave you.

*Celamina.*

Passion's but an empty name,  
 Where respect is wanting.  
*Damon*, you mistake your aim,  
 Hang your heart and burn your flame,  
 If you must be ranting.

*Damon.*

Love as pale and muddy is  
 As decaying Liquor :  
 Anger sets it on the Lees,  
 And refines it by degrees,  
 Till it works the quicker.

*Celamina.*

Love by quarrel to beget  
 Wisely you endeavour ;  
 With a brave Physicians wit,  
 Who to cure an Ague fit  
 Puts me in a Fever.

*Damon.*

Anger rouses Love to fight,  
 And its only bait is ;  
 'Tis the spur to vain delight,  
 And is but an eager bite,  
 When desire at the height is.



*Celamina.*

If you such drops of heat can fall  
In our wooing weather ;  
If such drops of heat can fall,  
We shall have Devil and all  
When we come together.

SONG CXXX.

Call for the Master, O this is fine,  
He boasts of his twenty rich Nectars,  
Liquors of life, but Lees of dead wine :  
For us the Cocks of the Hectors.  
Wine wherein flies were drowned last Summer ;  
Hang't, let it pass, here's a health in a rummer:  
Hang't let it, &c.

Bold Hectors we are of *Londons* new Troy :  
Fill us more wine, hark here sirrah boy.  
Speak in the Dolphin, speak in the Swan,  
Drawer, anon sir, anon.  
Ralph, George, speak in the Star ;  
The Reckoning's unpaid, we'll pay at the Bar.  
The Reckoning's unpaid, &c.

A quart of Claret in the Mitre, score.  
The Hectors are ranting, Tom shut the door :  
A skirmish begins, beware paces and shins,  
The Pilspots are down, the Candles are out,  
The Glasses are broke, and the Pots fly about,  
Ralph, Ralph, speak in the Chequer : by and by.  
Robin is wounded, and the Hectors do fly :  
Call for the Constable, let in the VWatch :  
These Hectors of *Holborn* shall meet with their match.  
These Hectors, &c.

At

At midnight you bring your Justice among us,  
 But all the day long you do us the wrong,  
 VVhen for *Verrinus* you bring us *Mundungus*.  
 Your Reckonings are large, and your Bottles are small,  
 Still changing our wine as fast as we call.  
 Your Canary has Lime in't, your Claret has Scum,  
 Tell the Constable this, and then let him come,  
*Tell the Constable this, &c.*

## SONG CXXXI.

**C**upid once was weary grown  
 VVith womens errands, laid him down  
 On a refreshing rosie bed;  
 The same sweet covert harboured  
 A Bee, and as she always had  
 A quarrel with Loves idle Lad,  
 Stings the soft Boy: pain and strong fears  
 Streight melts him into cries and tears.  
 As wings and feet would let each other,  
 Home he hastens to his mother,  
 Then on her knees he hangs his head,  
 And cries, O mother, I am dead,  
 An ugly Snake, they call a Bee,  
 (O see it swell) hath murdered me.  
*Venus* with smiles reply'd, O fir,  
 Does a Bees sting make all this stir?  
 Think what pains attend those darts, I  
 VVherewith thou still art wounding hearts;  
 E'en let it smart, may chance that then,  
 Thou 'lt learn more pity towards men.

## SONG CXXXII.

**C**ome ye Termagant Turks,  
 If your Bassa dares land ye,  
 VVhile the wine bravely works,  
 VVhich was brought us from Candy.

VVealth

Wealth the least of our care is;  
 The poor men ne'r are undone;  
 You Monsieur of *Paris*  
 To the backswords of *London*.  
 Give, thou in a trice  
 Shalt advance thy lean belly,  
 For their Hens and their Rice  
 Make *Pillan* like a Jelly.  
 Let them land fine and free,  
 For my Cap, though an old one,  
 Such a Turbant shall be,  
 Thou wilt think it a gold one,  
 It is seven to one odds,  
 They had safer sail'd by us,  
 While our wine lasts in *Rhodes*,  
 They shall water at *Chios*.

## SONG CXXXIII.

In the merry moneth of *May*,  
 On a morn by break of day,  
 Forth I walkt the woods so wide,  
 When as *May* was in her pride,  
 There I spyed all alone  
*Pyllida* and *Coridon*.

Much ado there was I wot,  
 He could love, but she could not,  
 In Love, he said, was ever true,  
 Nor was mine ere false to you,  
 He said, he had lov'd her long,  
 He said, Love should have no wrong:

*Coridon* would kiss her then,  
 She said, Maids must kiss no men,  
 Till they kist for good and all,  
 Then she made the Shepherd's call

Their fellow Swains to witness looth  
Ne'r was lov'd so fair a Youth.

Then with many a pretty Oath,  
As yea and nay, and faith and troth:  
Such as silly Shepherds use,  
When they will not Love abuse;  
Love that had been long deluded,  
Was with kisses sweet concluded;  
And *Phylliday*  
With Garlands gay,  
Was crown'd the Lady of the May.

## SONG CXXXIV.

*Charon and Philomel.*

*Ph. Charon*, O gentle *Charon* let me woo thee  
By tears and pity now to come unto me.

*Ch.* What voice so sweet and charming do I hear?  
Speak what thou arr.

*Ph.* I prethee first draw near.

*Ch.* A sound I hear, but nothing yet can see.  
Speak what thou art.

*Ph.* O *Charon* pity me.

I am a Bird, and though no name I tell,  
My warbling note will say, I'm *Philomel*.

*Ch.* What's that to me, I wast not fish nor fowls,  
Nor beast nor bird, but only human souls.

*Ph.* Alas for me!

*Ch.* Shame on thy witching note,  
That made me thus hoist sail, and bring my boary  
But I'll return: what mischief brought thee hither?

*Ph.* A deal of love and much grief together.

*Ch.* If this be all, I'm gone.

*Ph.* For love I pray thee.

*Ch.* Talk not of love, all pray, but few souls pay.

*Ph.* I'll

Pb. I'll give thee sighs and tears.

Cb. Will tears pay scores

For patching sails, for mending boat and oars?

Pb. I'll beg a penny, and I'll sing so long,

Till thou shalt say, I've paid thee with a song.

Cb. Why then begin.

Pb. And all the while we make

Our slothful passage o'r the Strygian Lake,

Thou and I'll sing to make these dull shades merry,

Which else with tears would doubtless drown our ferry.

### SONG CXXXV.

Why sit you here so dull,

You lively Lads that love

The pleasures of the plains,

And sport-enchanting Jove.

My Muse brings other news,

And time invites to go,

Fill Nectars cup, the Hare is up,

We come to sing so ho.

My Pipe is of the pure

Cane of a Winter Corn,

By force of Cynthia's lure

Transform'd into a Horn.

Aurora's look hath chang'd my Crook

Into a bended Bow,

And Pan shall keep my patient sheep

While here we sing so ho.

Let us like Swains

That only undergoes

The pleasures of the plains

In place where Boreas blows,

And every night take our delight

With our she-friend and so

Both night and day we'll sport and play,

And merrily sing so ho.

M 2

SONG

## SONG CXXXVI.

**T**He Glories of our Birth and State  
 Are shadows, not substantial things ;  
 There is no Armor 'gainst our Fate ;  
 Death lays his Icy hands on Kings.  
     Scepter and Crown  
     Must tumble down,  
     And in the dust be equal laid  
     With the poor crooked Sithe and Spade.  
 Some men with Swords may reap the field,  
 And plant fresh Laurels where they kill,  
 But their strong Nerves at length must yield,  
 They tame but one another still.  
     Early or late  
     They stoop to fate,  
     And must give up their murr'ring breath,  
     Whilst the pale Captive creeps to death.  
 The Laurel withers on your brow,  
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds,  
 For on Deaths purple Altar now,  
 See where the Victor, Victim bleeds,  
     All heads must come  
     To the cold Tomb,  
 Only the Actions of the just  
 Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

## SONG CXXXVII.

**W**Hat an Ass is he, that waits a Womans leisure  
 For a minutes pleasure, and perhaps may be  
 Gul'd at last, and lose her ? What an Ass is he ?  
 Shall I sigh and die 'cause a maid denies me,  
 And that she may try, suffer patiently,  
 O no fate shall tie me to such cruelty.

Love

Love is all my life, for it keeps me doing,  
 Yet my love and wooing is not for a wife;  
 It is good eschewing warring, care, and strife.

What need I to care for a womans favour?  
 If another have her, why should I despair,  
 When for gold and labour I can have my share?

If I fancy one, and that one do love me,  
 Yet deny to prove me, farewell, I am gone;  
 She can never move me, farewell, I am gone.

If I chance to see one that's brown, I love her  
 Till I see another that's more brown than she;  
 For I am a lover of my liberty.

Every day I change, and at once love many,  
 Yet not ty'd to any, for I love to range,  
 And if one should stay me, I should think it strange.

What if she be old, so that she have riches?  
 Youth and form bewitches, but 'tis store of gold  
 Cures lascivious itches, so the Criticks hold.

### SONG CXXXVIII.

When *Aurelia* first I courted,  
 She had youth and beauty too,  
 Killing pleasures when she sported,  
 And her charms were ever new.

But time doth now deceive her,  
 Which her glory did uphold,  
 All her Arts can ne'r retrieve her;  
 Poor *Aurelia's* growing old.

Those airy spirits which invited  
 Blink and do excite no more,  
 And those eyes are now b lighted,  
 Which were Cemetis heretofore.

Want of these abates her merits,  
 Yet I have passion for her name,  
 Only warm and vig'rous spirits  
 Kindle and maintain a flame.

## SONG CXXXIX.

Gather your Rose-buds whilst you may,  
 Old time is still a flying,  
 For that Flower that smells to day  
 To morrow will be dying.

That age is best which is the force,  
 While Youth and Blood are warmer,  
 But being the grows worse and worse,  
 And still succeeds the former.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,  
 The higher he's a getting,  
 The sooner will his race be run,  
 And nearer to his setting.

Then be not coy, but use your time,  
 And while you may, go marry,  
 For if you lose but once your prime,  
 You may for ever tarry.

## SONG CXL.

Sir Eglamore that valiant Knight, *fa la la la la.*  
 He put on his sword, and he went to fight, *fa la*  
 And as he rid o'r hill and dale  
 All armed in his Coat of Mail,  
*fa la la la fa la la falla la.*

There



There starts a huge Dragon out of his den, *fala*  
Which had kild I know not how many men, *fala*  
But when he saw Sir Eglamore,  
If you had but heard how the Dragon did roar, *fala la, &c.*

This Dragon he had a plaguy hard hide, *fala la*  
Which could the strongest steel abide, *fala la*  
He could not enter him with curs,  
Which vexed the Knight to his heart, bloud, and gurs,  
*fala la, &c.*

All the trees in the wood did shake, *fala*  
Horses did tremble and men did quake, *fala*  
The birds betook them to their peeping,  
'Twould have made a mans heart to fall a weeping,  
*fala la, &c.*

But now it was no time to fear, *fala*  
For it was now fight dog, fight bear, *fala*  
But as the Dragon a yawning did fall,  
He thrust his Sword down hilt and all, *fala, &c.*

For as the Knight in choler did burn, *fala*  
He on'd the Dragon a shrewd good turn, *fala*  
In at his mouth his Sword he sent,  
The Hilt appeared at his fundament, *fala, &c.*

Then the Dragon like a coward began to flee, *fala*  
Into his den which was hard by, *fala*  
There he laid him down and roar'd,  
The Knight was sorry for his Sword, *fala la, &c.*

The Sword it was a right good blade, *fala*  
As ever Turk or Spaniard made, *fala*  
But for my part I do forsake it,  
He that will fetch it, let him take it, *fala, &c.*

When all was done, to the Alehouse he went, *fa la*  
 And presently his two-pence he spent, *fa la*  
 He was so hot with tugging with the Dragon,  
 That nothing would quench him, but a whole flagon,  
*fa la la.*

Well now let us pray for the King and Queen, *fa la*  
 And eke in London there may be seen *fa la*  
 As many Knights and as many more,  
 And all as good as Sir Eglamore,  
*fa la la la fa la la la fa la la.*

## SONG CXLI.

**A** Wake all the dead, what ho ! what ho !  
 How well do they sleep whose pillows lie low !  
 They mind not poor Lovers that walk above,  
 On the decks of the world in storms of Love.  
 No whispering now, nor glance must pass  
 Through wickets or through panes of glass ;  
 The windows and doors are shut and barr'd.  
 Lie close in the Church and in the Church-yard,  
 In every grave make room, make room,  
 By two in a grave we come, we come.  
 The State is now Loves foe, Loves foe  
 Has seiz'd on his Arms, his Quiver, and 's Bow,  
 Has pinion'd his wing, and fetter'd his feet,  
 And all to make way for Love's to meet.  
 But, O sad fate ! the Judge grows old,  
 Hearts cruel are, when blood grows cold,  
 There no young man is, his process can draw,  
 O Mortals, that Love should be subj. & to Law !  
 In every grave make room, make room,  
 Lie two in a bed, we come, we come.

SONG

## SONG CXLII.

He thirsty Earth drinks up the rain,  
And thirsts and calls for drink again,  
The Plants drink up the earth and are  
By constant drinking fresh and fair.

The Sea it self that one would think  
Should have but little need of drink,  
Draws forty thousand Rivers up  
Into his overflowing cup.

The busie Sun, a man would guess  
By's fire-redded face no less,  
Drinks up the Sea, when that is done,  
The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun.

They dance and drink by their own light,  
They drink and revel all the night.  
Nothing in Nature's so profound,  
But an eternal Health goes round.

Then fill up the Can Boy, fill it high,  
Fill all the glasses that are here, for why  
Should every creature else be drunk but I.  
Thou man of morals tell me why.

## SONG CXLIII.

'T be not Love I ought to fear,  
Some Fury doth my heart-strings tear:  
If be Love, I do confess  
I'm pleas'd, though hopeless of success.  
Cruel powers, how am I curs'd!  
Since either proves to be the worst.

Oh how much better 'twere to have no sense,  
 Than with this rig'rous passion to dispense !  
 Thou Tyrant Love, how long shall I  
 Languish and ask ! when shall I die ?  
 Thou see'st how *Chloris* does disdain  
 Thy power, and a Lovers name.  
 More cruel than relentless rocks  
 Scorns me, and my passion mocks.  
 At my tears she's concern'd no more  
 Than waves that wash the thankless shore.  
 Make her at least my flame bemone,  
 For a thousand sighs to echo one.  
 My fate to her stern honour's ty'd,  
 She calls that Honour which is Pride.  
 Yet Love shall with her Hate contend,  
 For with my Love my Life shall end.

## SONG CXLIV.

I Know more than *Apollo*,  
 For whilst that he was sleeping,  
   I saw the Stars  
   At mortal jars,  
 And watry *Neptune* weeping.  
  
 I saw fierce *Mars* contending  
 With his bright fiery face,  
   *Saturn* likewise  
   Threatning the Skies,  
 Carcering with a grace.  
  
*Venus* with all her train  
 Of heavenly Nymphs was dancing,  
   Rev'ling all night,  
   They vanish'd quite,  
 And *Pegasus* left prancing.

Sol hid h  
Pluck

But h

Astronon  
Migh

Impie

Mereors  
Our F

VVe

Cogn  
Na  
Vidi AfVultu vi  
Ignito pr  
Vidi ipVenus fa  
Cal: Bim  
PernoctSol occu  
Contraxi  
Jupiter

Sol

Sol hid himself, and Phæbe

Plucked in her horns for fear,

And *Jove* did *lie*

## Through the Galaxy,

But his messenger did swear.

## Astronomers from hence

### Might Britain's fate portray:

## Our Sun's asleep

Let *England* weep,

**Impiety bears sway.**

## Meteors not Stars eclipse

Our Hemisphere, I think.

If they be crown'd,

**The VWorld turns round,**

VVe're all undone, let's drink.

## SONG CXLV.

*Cognovi plus quàm Phœbus,*

Nam illo dormitante,

Vidi Astra pugnania,

*Neptuno lachrymans.*

*Vultu vidi Mauortem.*

ignito prætiāntem,

Vidi ipsum & Saturnum

*Cum decore saltantem.*

*Venus saltabat chore*

**Calcium Nymphaeum,**

*Pernocēbant, & liquerunt*

*Pegasus equus Musarum.*

Sol occulit se, & barbe.

Conitaxi: согнма,

*Impiter fugit, sed effundit*

*Mercurius dira.*

*Astronomi vel inde  
Res pingant Britonum,  
Dormit Titan, fleat Albion  
Pestem Tyrannidum.*

*Meteora, non Stella  
Eclipsant Horizontem.  
Rerum Status est pessimus,  
Polis bidamus fontem.*

## SONG CXLVI.

**A**S I lay all alone on my bed slumbring,  
Thinking my restless mind to repose,  
All my thoughts they began then to be numbring  
Up her dildainings that caused my woes,  
Which so increast my dolour and pain,  
I fear I never shall see her again,  
*Which makes me sigh and sobbing c. y.*  
O my Love, O my Love, for thee I die.

When this fair cruel she first I saw praying  
Within the Temple unto her Saint,  
Then mine eyes every lock my heart betraying,  
Which is the cause of my doleful complaint,  
That all my Joys are quite fled and gone,  
And I in sorrow now am left alone,  
*Which makes me sigh, &c.*

Now farewell every thing that sounds like pleasure,  
And welcome Death the cure of my smart;  
I deem'd first sight of her I graspt a treasure,  
But wo is me, it now has broke my heart,  
For now my passing bell calls away,  
And I with her no longer must stay.  
*Which makes me sigh, &c.*

SONG

## SONG CXLVII.

Shep. **T**ell me, Dearest, what is love ?

Nymph. 'Tis a lightning from above.

'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,

'Tis a toy they call desire ;

'Tis a smile that doth beguile

The poor hearts of men that prove :

Shep. Tell me more, Are women true ?

Nymph. Some love change, and so do you.

Shep. Are they fair, and ever kind ?

Nymph. Yes, when men turn with every wind.

Shep. Are they froward ?

Nymph. Ever toward

Those that love, to love anew.

## SONG CXLVIII.

**C**ome Shepherds come ;

Come away without delay,

Whilst the gentle time doth stay.

Green woods are dumb,

And will never tell to any

Those dear kisses, and those many

Sweet embraces that are given,

Dainty pleasures that would even

Raise in coldest Age a fire,

And give Virgin Blood desire :

Then if ever,

Now or never,

Come and have it :

Think not I

Dare deny,

If you crave it.

## SONG CXLIX.

**M**Y Mistress loves no Woodcocks,  
 Yet loves to pick the bones;  
 My Mistress loves some Jewels,  
 And other precious stones,  
 My Mistress loves no hunting,  
 Yet loves to hear the Horn;  
 My Mistress loves not Irish,  
 Yet loves to see men born.  
 My Mistress loves no wrestling,  
 Yet loves to catch a fall;  
 My Mistress loves not all things,  
 Yet loves my Master withal.

## SONG CL.

**D**amon, thou never lov'd'st me yet;  
 Faith and Troth are but a fit,  
 But to try if that I  
 Would deny or comply  
 With thy false dissembling wit:  
 Hoping my heart, by thy cunning wit and art,  
 To betray, as a prey for thine own;  
 Not to prove, or to love,  
 But deceive and bereave  
 Of the hope that it feeds upon,  
 O then wonder not at me,  
 If I find in thy mind such deceit:  
 'Twere more strange not to change,  
 But to yield in the field,  
 Where Love doth so faintly bear,  
 Blush not then, thou hast found out the cause  
 Of thy shame, then blame not my desert:  
 'Tis suspicious to be vicious,  
 Or give fire to desire,  
 When Love inflames but so in part.

SONG



## SONG CLI.

Still to be neat, still to be drest,  
 As you were going to a feast ;  
 Still to be powdered, still perfumed,  
 Lady it is to be presumed,  
 Though artshid causes are not found,  
 All is not sweet, all is not sound.  
 Give me a look, give me a face,  
 that makes simplicity a grace;  
 Robes sweetly flowing, hair as free ;  
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me,  
 Than all the Adulteries of Art,  
 They wound mine Eyes, but not mine heart.

## SONG CLII.

Hold back thy hours, dark night, till we have done ;  
 The day will come too soon.  
 Young maids will curse thee, if thou steal'st away,  
 And leav'st their blushes open to the day.  
 Stay, stay, and hide  
 The blushes of the Bride.  
 Stay, gentle night, and with thy darkness cover  
 The kisses of my Lover.  
 Stay, and confound her tears, and her shrill cryings,  
 Her weak denials, vows, and often dyings :  
 Stay and hide all ;  
 But help not, though she call.

## SONG CLIII.

Streph. Come my *Daphne*, come away,  
 We do waste the Chrystal day :  
 It is *Strephon* calls. *Daph.* What says my Love ?  
 Streph. Come follow to the Myrtle Grove,  
 Where I with *Venus* will prepare  
 New Chaplets to adorn thy hair.

*Daph*

*Daph.* *Strephon*, were I shut in this Tree,  
I'd break the Bark to follow thee.

*Streph.* My Shepherdels make haste,  
The minutes fly too fast;  
Let's to those cooler shades, where I,  
Blind as *Cupid* in thine eye,  
Betwixt thy breasts will ever stray.

*Daph.* In such warm snows,  
Who would not lose his way?

## SONG CLIV.

Now why should we boast of *Arthur* and his Knights,  
Knowing how many men have endur'd hot fights?  
Or why should we speak of *Sir Lancelot du Lake*,  
Or *Sir Tristram du Leon*, that fought for Ladies sake,  
Read old Stories, and there you shall see  
How *St. George*, *St. George* did make the Dragon flee.  
*St. George* he was for England,  
*St. Dennis* was for France;  
Sing *Honî fait qui mal y pense*.

To speak of the *Monarchs*, it were too long to tell,  
And likewise of the *Romans*, how far they did excel;  
*Hannibal* and *Scipio* they many a field did fight,  
*Orlando Furioso* he was a valiant Knight;  
*Romulus* and *Rhemus* were those that *Rome* did build;  
But *St. George*, *St. George*, the Drag he hath kill'd.  
*St. George* he was for England, &c.

*Jephtha* and *Gideon*, they led their men to fight,  
The *Gibeonites* and *Amorites*, and put them all to flight,  
*Hercules* his labour was in the Vale of *Bifs*,  
And *Sampson* slew a thousand with the Jaw-bone of  
an Ass,

And

And when that he was blind pull'd the Temple to the ground,

But St. George, St. George the Dragon did confound.  
St. George, &c.

Valentine and Orson they came of Pepins blood,  
Alfred and Aldrecus they were brave Knights and good.  
The four Sons of Ammon that fought with Charlemain,  
Sir Hugh de Burdeaux and Godfrey of Bullaign,  
These were all French Knights that Pagans did convert,  
But St. George, St. George pull'd out the Dragons heart.  
St. George, &c.

Henry the fifth he conquered all France;  
He quartered their Arms, his honour to advance,  
He razed their Walls, and pull'd their Cities down,  
And he garnished his Land with a double triple Crown;  
He hump'd the French, and after home he came;  
But St. George, St. George, he made the Dragon tame.  
St. George, &c.

St. David you know loves Leeks and roasted Cheese,  
And Jason was the man brought home the golden Fleece,  
St. Patrick also he was St. George's Boy,  
Seven years he kept his Horse, and then stole him away;  
For which knavish Act, a Slave he doth remain;  
But St. George, St. George, the Dragon he hath slain.  
St. George, &c.

Tamberlain the Emperour in Iron Cage did crown,  
With his bloody flag display'd before the Town:  
Scanderbeg magnanimous Mahomet's Bashaw did dread,  
Whose victorious Bones were worn when he was dead,  
His Beglerbegs, his corn-like dregs, George Castlet he  
was call'd;  
But St. George, St. George, the Dragon he hath maul'd.  
St. George, &c.

Ottoman

*Ottoman* the *Tartar* he came of *Persia's* Race,  
The great *Mogul* with Chests so full of *Nutmegs*,  
Cloves and Mace;

The *Grecian* Youth *Bucephalus* he manly did bestride,  
But these with their Worthies Nine, *St. George* did  
them deride.

*Gustavus Adolphus* was *Swedland's* warlike King,  
But *St. George*, *St. George*, pull'd forth the Dragon  
Sting.

*St. George, &c.*

*Pendragon* and *Cadwallader* of British blood do boast,  
Though *John of Gaunt* his foes did daunt, *St. George*  
shall rule the Roast.

*Agamemnon* and *Cleomedon*, and *Macedon* did fears,  
But compared to our Champion, they are but meere  
Cheers:

Brave *Malta* Knights in Turkish fights, their brandishes  
Swords out drew;

But *St. George* met the Dragon, and ran him through  
and through.

*St. George, &c.*

*Bidia* the *Amazon*, *Porteus* overthrew,  
As fierce as any *Vandal*, *Goth*, *Sarazen*, or *Jew*:

The potent *Holofernes* as he lay on his Bed,  
In came wise *Judith*, and subtly stole his Head.

Brave *Cyclops* stout, with *Jove* he fought, although he  
show'd down Thunder;

But *St. George* kill'd the Dragon, & is not that a wonder?

*St. George, &c.*

*Mark Anthony*, I'll warrant ye, plaid fears with *Egypt's*  
Queen;

*Sir Eglamore* that valiant Knight, the like was never  
seen:

Grim Gorgon's might was known in fight, Old Bevis  
most men frighted ;

The Myrmidons and Prester Johns, why were not these  
men knighted ?

Brave Spinola he took Breda, Nassau did it cover ;

But St. George met the Dragon, and turn'd him o'er  
and over.

St. George he was for England,

St. Dennis was for France :

*Sing Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

### SONG CLV.

Courtier if thou needs wilt wive,

From this Lesson learn to thrive :

All to match it be thy fate,

Let her surpass in birth and state ;

Let her curious Garments be

Twice above thine own degree,

This will draw great Eyes upon her,

Gain her Servants, and thee Honour.

### SONG CLVI.

Poor Citizen, if thou wilt be

A happy Husband, learn of me,

To set thy Wife first in thy Shop,

A fair, kind, sweet Wife, sets a poor man up ;

What though thy Shelves be ne'er so bare ?

A Woman still is current Ware :

Each man will cheapen, foe and friend ;

But whilst thou art at th' other end,

Where'er thou seest, or what dost hear,

Fool have no Eye to, nor no Ear ;

And after supper, for her sake,

When thou hast fed, snort, though thou wake :

What though the Gallants call thee Mome,

Yet with thy Lanthorn light her home :

I am confident, but will not tell,  
Where such a Citizen doth dwell.

## SONG CLVII.

**T**Here was an invisible Fox by chance,  
Did meet with two invisible Geese;  
He led them a fine invisible Dance,  
For a hundred Crowns a piece.  
Invisible all but his head he would go,  
But when it came to be try'd,  
Not only his hand which was left he did show,  
But a fair pair of heels beside:  
Invisible since their wits have been,  
But yet there is hope of either;  
Their Wits and their Crowns may return again,  
Invisible all together.

## SONG CLVIII.

**I**F Love his Arrows shoot so fast,  
Soon his feathered Stock will waste,  
But I mistake in thinking so,  
Loves Arrows in his Quiver grow:  
That he wants no Artillerie,  
That appears too true in me.  
Two shafts feed upon my breast,  
O make't a Quiver for the rest:  
Kill me with love thou armed Son  
Of Citherea, or let one,  
One sharp golden Arrow flie  
To wound her heart for whom I die.  
Cupid, if thou be'st a Child,  
Be a good Boy, be more mild.

## SONG CLIX.

**R**oom for the melancholy Wight,  
Some call him Willow-Knight,

Who

Who these pains had undertaken,  
 To find what Lovers are forsaken ;  
 Whose heads, because but little-witted,  
 Shall with Garlands straight be fitted :  
 Speak who are tost on *Cupid's* billows,  
 And receive the Crown of Willows :  
 This way, that way, round about,  
 Keep your heads from breaking out.

SONG CLX.

Welcome, welcome again to thy Wits,  
 This is a holy day :  
 We'll have no plots, nor melancholy fits,  
 But merrily pass the time away,  
 They are mad that are sad,  
 Be ruled by me,  
 And none shall be so merry as we.  
 The Kitchin shall catch cold no more,  
 And we'll have no Key to the Buttery door,  
 The Fiddlers shall sing,  
 And the house shall ring,  
 And the world shall see  
 What a merry Couple,  
 Merry Couple  
 We will be.

SONG CLXI.

Love is a Bog, a deep Bog, and a wide Bog ;  
 Love is a Clog, a great Clog, and a close Clog,  
 'Tis a Wilderness to lose our selves,  
 And a Halter 'cis to noose our selves :  
 Then draw Dun out of the mire,  
 And throw the Clog i'th' fire :  
 Keep in the Kings high-way  
 Sober, and you cannot stray.

If you admire no female Elf,  
 The Halter may go hang it self.  
 Drink wine and be merry, for Love is folly,  
 And dwells in the house of melancholy.

## SONG CLXII.

**F**ond Fables tell of old,  
 How *Jove* in *Danae's* Lap,  
 Fell in a shower of Gold:  
 By which she caught a Clap;  
 O had it been my hap!  
 Howe'er the blow doth threaten,  
 So well I like the play,  
 That I could wish all day  
 And night to be so beaten.

## SONG CLXIII.

**C**hant Birds in every Bush,  
 The Black-bird and the Thrush,  
 The chirping Nightingale,  
 The Linner and the Wagtail,  
 The Mavis and the Lark,  
 O how they do begin, hark, hark!

## SONG CLXIV.

**C**ome follow, follow me,  
 You fairy Elves that be;  
 Come compass in this Green,  
 And follow me your Queen,  
 Hand in hand let's dance a round,  
 For this place is Fairy Ground.  
 When Mortals are at rest,  
 And snorting in their nest,  
 Unheard, or unespied,  
 Through Key-holes we do glide;



Over tables, stools, and shelves,  
We trip it with our Fairy Elves,

Then if the House be foul,  
With platter, dish, or bowl,  
Up stairs we nimbly creep,  
And find the Sluts asleep,

Then we pinch their arms and thighs,  
None us hears, none us espies :

Or if the house be swept,  
And from uncleanness kept,  
We praise the household maid,  
And surely she is paid :

For every night before we go,  
We drop a Tester in her shoe.

Upon a Mushroom head  
Our table-cloth is spread,  
A Corn of Rye or Wheat  
In the Dyet that we eat :

Pearly drops of dew we drink,  
In Acorn cups up to the brink.

The brains of Nightingales,  
With unction fat of Snails,  
Between two Muscles stew'd,  
Is meat that's easily chew'd :

Brains of Worms, and marrow of Mice,  
Do make our feasts of wondrous price.

The Grasshopper, Gnat, and Fly,  
Serve for our Mistresses high ;

Grace said, we dance a while,  
And so we do the time beguile :

And when the Moon doth hide her head,

The Glow-worms light us to our bed.

O'er tops of dewy Grass

So nimbly we do pass,

The young and tender stalk

Ne'er bends where we do walk :

But in the morning may be seen  
The night before where we have been.

## SONG CLXV.

**D**Rink, drink, all you that think  
To cure your Souls of 'sadness;  
Take up your Sack, 'tis all you lack,  
All worldly care is madness.  
Let Lawyers plead, and Scholars read,  
And S:ctaries still con:ecture;  
Yet we can be as merry as they,  
With a Cup of *Apollo's* Nectar.

Let Gluttons feed, and Souldiers bleed,  
And fight for Reputation;  
Physicians be fools, to fill up Close-stools,  
And cure men by Purgation;  
Yet we have a way far better than they,  
Which *Galen* could never conj:ure,  
To cure the head, nay quicken the Dead,  
With a Cup of *Apollo's* Nectar.

We do forget we are in debt,  
When we with Liquor are warmed;  
We dare out-face the Sergeants Mace,  
And Martial Troops though armed.  
The Swedish King much honour did win,  
And valiant was as *Hector*;  
Yet we can be as valiant as he,  
With a Cup of *Apollo's* Nectar.

Let the Worlds Slave his Comfort have,  
And hug his hoards of Treasure,  
Till he and his wish meet both in a Dish,  
So dies a Miser in pleasure.

'Tis not a fat Farm our wishes can charm,  
 We scorn this greedy conjecture;  
 'Tis a health to our friend, to whom we commend  
 This Cup of *Apollo's* Nectar.

The Pipe and the Pot, are our common stor,  
 Wherewith we keep a quarter;  
 Enough for to choak with fire and smoak  
 The great Turk and the Tartar.  
 Our faces red, our ensigns spread,  
*Apollo* is our Protector;  
 To rear up the Scout, to run in and out.  
 And to drink up this Cup of Nectar.

### SONG CLXVI.

WE lived one and twenty year  
 As man and wife together,  
 I could no longer keep her here,  
 She's gone I know not whither.  
 Could I but guess, I do protest,  
 I speak it not to flatter,  
 Of all the women in the world  
 I never would come at her:  
 Her body is bestowed well,  
 A handsome Grave did hide her;  
 And sure her Soul is not in Hell,  
 The Devils would not abide her.  
 I rather think she's soar'd aloft,  
 For in the last great thunder,  
 Methought I heard her very voice  
 Rending the Clouds asunder.

### SONG CLXVII.

Fair fare the Muses, which in well-chim'd Verse  
 Our Princes Noble Birth do sing;

I have a heart as full of joy as theirs,  
 As full of duty to my King,  
 And thus I tell  
 How every Bell  
 Did sound forth *Englands* merry glee :  
 The Bonfires too,  
 With much ado,  
 It were great pity to belye her,  
 Made *London* seem as all on fire ;  
 A joyful sight to see !

The wisest Citizens were drunk that day,  
 With Beer and Wine most soundly paid ;  
 The Constables in duty reel'd away,  
 And charged others them to aid,  
 To see how soon  
 Both Sun and Moon,  
 And seven Stars forgotten be,  
 But all the night  
 Their heads were light,  
 With much exalting from their horn,  
 Because the Prince of *Wales* was born.  
 A joyful sight to see !

The Dutch-men they were drunk six days before,  
 And pray'd unto us to excuse their joy ;  
 The French-men vow'd ne'er to be sober more,  
 But drunk healths to the Royal Boy  
 In their own Wine,  
 Both brisk and fine.  
 The valiant Irish cram a cree,  
 It pledged hath,  
 In *usquebath*,  
 And being in his joyful vain,  
 He made a Bog even of his Brain.  
 A joyful sight to see !

The Scots their Joy in bonny Ale did sing,  
 And wish'd the Royal-Babe a man,  
 That they might beg him but to be their King,  
 And let him rule them when he can.

The Spaniard made  
 A shrug and said,  
 After my Pipe come follow me.  
 Canary Sack  
 Did go to wrack,

Our Gentlemen with them took part,  
 The Papists drank it with one heart :  
 A joyful sight to see !

The Welch for joy her Cousin Prince was born,  
 Do mean to change St. David's day ;  
 Swearing no Leek hereafter shall be worn,  
 But on the Twenty Ninth of May.

None so merry,  
 Drinking Perry,  
 And Metheglin on her knee.  
 Every man

His Crack and Can :  
 Thus arm'd the Devil they desi'd,  
 And durst tell Beelzebub he ly'd :  
 A joyful sight to see !

### SONG CLXVIII.

HE that will woo a Widow must not dally,  
 He must make Hay while the Sun doth shine ;  
 He must not sue with a shall I ? Shall I ?  
 But boldly say, Widow thou art mine :  
 'Tis vain to woo a Widow over-long,  
 In once or twice her mind you may perceive ;  
 Widows are subtle, be they old or young,  
 They know so much they quickly can deceive.

Strike home at first, she quickly will be kind,  
Or else she'll be as fickle as the wind.

## SONG CLXIX.

**S** Hew me no more the Marygold,  
Whose leaves like griev'd Arms do fold,  
My longings nothing can explain,  
But Soul and Body rent in twain,  
Did I not moan  
And sigh and groan,  
And talk alone,

I should believe my Soul were gone from home :  
She's gone, she's gone away, she's fled,  
Within thy brest to make her bed ;  
In me there dwells her Tenant woe,  
And sighs are all the breath I blow :

Then come to me,  
One touch of thee  
Will make me see

Whether living thus, alive or dead I be.

## SONG CLXX.

**S** Laves are they that heap up mountains,  
Still desiring more and more ;  
We'll carouse in *Bacchus* Fountains,  
Never dreaming to be poor.  
Give us then a Cup of Liquor,  
Fill it up unto the brim ;  
For then methinks our wits grow quicker,  
When our brains in Liquor swim.

## SONG CLXXI.

**I** Am confirm'd, a woman can  
Love this, or that, or any man ;  
To day her Love is melting hot,  
To morrow swears she knows not what :

Let her but a new Object find,  
 And she is of another mind.  
 Then hang me, Ladies, at your door,  
 If e'er I dote upon you more.

And yet I love the fair one, why?  
 For nothing but to please mine eye;  
 For her that's musical I long,  
 When I am sad, to sing a song;  
 And for the fair and smooth-skin'd Dame,  
 I flatter to appease my flame.  
 Then hang me, Ladies, at your door,  
 If e'er I dote upon you more.

I give my Fancy leave to range,  
 In every face to find a change;  
 The Black, the Brown, the Fair, shall be  
 But objects of variety:  
 I court you all to serve my turn,  
 But with such flames as shall not burn.  
 Then hang me, Ladies, at your door,  
 If e'er I dote upon you more.

## SONG CLXXII.

Fire, fire, lo here I burn in such desire,  
 That all the tears that I can strain  
 Out of an empty love-sick brain,  
 Cannot allay my scorching pain.

Come *Humber, Trent, and silver Thames*,  
 Dread Ocean, haste with all thy streams,  
 And if thou canst not quench my fire,  
 O drown both me and my desire.

Fire, fire, there is no help for my desire,  
 See all the Rivers backward fly,

And th<sup>e</sup> Ocean doth his aid deny,  
 For fear my heart sh<sup>ou</sup>ld drink them dry.  
 Come heavenly showers, come pouring down,  
 Come you that once the world did drown ;  
 Some then you spar'd, but now save all,  
 Which else must die, and with me fall.

## SONG CLXXX.

**I** Love a Woman, be she tall,  
 Be she low, or thick, or small ;  
 Be she fair, or be she brown,  
 So she hath nothing of the Clown ;  
 'Tis Behaviour that doth give  
 Beauty, whereas none doth live.  
 Which though it cannot speak her mind,  
 It doth teach how to be kind :  
 If her Tongue do over-run,  
 Kisse her, and she will have done ;  
 If her carriage stately be,  
 That doth more enamour me.  
 If her looks be meek and humble,  
 She will yield, although she grumble ;  
 If she be studious, and love Books,  
 Learning hath a thousand hooks :  
 If intelligent and witty,  
 She's the apter to take pity ;  
 If she sing unto the Lute,  
 Who can in her praise be mute ?  
 If good qualities she want,  
 Think her yet not ignorant :  
 If her hair be black or white,  
 Colour hinders not delight.  
 As I began, I'll end my Song,  
 I love a Woman short or long.

SONG



## SONG CLXXXI.

**A** *W*here to blush have I seen,  
 I have view'd the Leaves of the Rose;  
 By the new-fallen Snow I have been,  
 And where the white Lilly grows:  
 Yet never saw in any place,  
 Pure white and red, but in your face.

## SONG CLXXXII.

**H**AVE you seen the white Lilly grow,  
 Before rude hands have touch'd it?  
 Have you mark'd the fall of the Snow,  
 Before the soyl hath smurch'd it?  
 Have you felt the Wool of Beaver,  
 Or Swans Down ever?  
 Have you smelt of the Bud of the Bryar,  
 Or the Nard in the fire?  
 Or tasted the Bag of the Bee?  
 O so white, O so soft, O so sweet is she!

## SONG CLXXXIII.

**N**OR wise enough to rule a State,  
 Not fool enough to be laugh'd at;  
 Not childish young, nor Bedlam old;  
 Not fiery hot, nor Icy cold;  
 Not richly proud, nor basely poor,  
 Not chaste, yet no reputed Whore;  
 If such a one I chance to find,  
 I have a Mistress to my mind.

## SONG CLXXXIV.

**I** Prethee leave me, love me no more;  
 Call home that heart you gave me;  
 I but in vain that Saint adore,  
 That can, but will not save me.

These poor half kisses kill me quite,  
 Was ever man thus served,  
 Amidst an Ocean of delight  
 And pleasure to be starved?  
 O *Tantalus*, thy pains ne'er tell;  
 By me thou art prevented;  
 'Tis nothing to be plagu'd in Hell,  
 But thus in Heaven tormented.

## SONG CLXXXV.

**T**urn *Amarillis* to thy Swain,  
 Thy *Damon* calls thee back again,  
 Here is a pretty Arbor by,  
 Where *Apollo*, where *Apollo*,  
 Where *Apollo* cannot spy,  
 There let's sit, and whilst I play,  
 Sing to my Pipe a Roundelay.

## SONG CLXXXVI.

**W**hy should we not laugh and be jolly?  
 Since all the world is mad,  
 And lull'd in a dull melancholy;  
 He that wallows in *More*,  
 Is still gaping for more,  
 And that makes him as poor  
 As the wretch that ne'er any thing had.

How mad is that damn'd Money-monger,  
 That to purchase to him and his Heirs,  
 Grows shriveld with thirst and hunger?  
 While we that are bonny,  
 Buy Sack with ready money,  
 And ne'er trouble the Scriv'ners nor Lawyers,  
 Those Gurs that by scraping and toylings,  
 Do swell their Revenues so fast;

Get nothing by all their turmoiling,  
But are marks for each Tax,  
While they load their own backs  
With the heavier packs,  
And lie down gall'd and weary at last,

While we that do traffick in Tipple,  
Can baffle the Gown and the Sword,  
Whose Jaws are so hungry and gripple;  
We ne'er trouble our heads  
With Indentures or Deeds,  
And our Wills are compos'd in a word.

Our money shall never indite us,  
Nor drag our free minds to thrall,  
Nor Pyrates nor Wracks can affright us;  
We that have no Estates,  
Fear no Plunder nor Rates,  
We can sleep with open Gates;  
He that lies on the ground cannot fall.

We laugh at those fools whose endeavours  
Do but fit them for Prisons and Fines,  
When we that spend all are the Savers;  
For if Thieves do break in,  
They go out empty agin,  
And the Plunderers lose their designs,

Then let us not think on to morrow,  
But tipple and laugh while we we may,  
To wash out from hearts all sorrow;  
Those Cormorants which  
Are troubled with an Itch  
To be mighty and rich,  
Do but toil for the wealth which they borrow.

The Mayor of the Town with his Ruff on,  
What a pox is he better than we ?

He must vail to the man with his Buff on;  
Though he Custard may eat,  
And such lubbarty mear,  
Yet our Sack makes us merrier than he.

## SONG CLXXXVII.

**A** *Myntas* that true-hearted Swain,  
Upon a Rivers bank was laid;  
Where to the pitying streams he did complain  
On *Sylvia*, that false charming maid,  
But she was still regardless of his pain:  
O faithless *Sylvia*, would he cry;  
And what he said, the *Eccho*'s did reply;  
Be kind, or else I die. *Eccho*, I die.  
Be kind, or else I die. *Ecch*. I die.

A shower of tears his eyes let fall,  
Which in the River made impress;  
Then sigh, and *Sylvia* false again would call,  
Ah cruel faithless Shepherdess!  
Is Love with you become a Criminal?  
Ah! lay aside this needless scorn;  
Allow your poor Adorer some return;  
Consider how I burn. *Ecch*. I burn.  
Consider how I burn. *Ecch*. I burn.

Those smiles and kisses which you give,  
Remember, *Sylvia*, are my due;  
And all the Joys my Rival does receive,  
He ravishes from me, not you:  
Ah *Sylvia*! Can I live, and this believe?

Insensi-

Insensibles are touch'd to see  
 My languishments, and seem to pity me,  
 V Which I demand of thee. *Ecch.* Of thee.  
 V Which I demand of thee. *Ecch.* Of thee.

### SONG CLXXXVIII.

Come, give me the V Vench that is mellow ;  
 And a fig for all Fools that are yellow ;  
     'Tis the Horn, the Horn,  
     The advancing of the Horn,  
 Dubb's a Cuckold an Alderman's fellow.

Let no man disorder his rest,  
 By believing Bulls feather in his Crest ;  
     V When you have said what you can,  
     A Cuckold is a man,  
 Or most of our Fathers were Beasts,

Then let us sing at it, and at it,  
 And let every one catch that can catch it.  
     All opinions agree  
     In one of these three,  
 The Horn, the Pot, or the Placker.

### SONG CLXXXIX.

A Maiden of late,  
 V Whose Name was sweet Kate,  
 V Was dwelling in London, near to Aldersgate ;  
 Now list to my Dirty, declare it I can,  
 She would have a Child without help of a man.

To a Doctor she came,  
 A man of great fame,

V Whose

Whose deep skill in Physick report did proclaim,  
*Quoth she, Master Doctor, shew me if you can,  
 How I may conceive without help of a man.*

Then listen, quoth he,  
 Since so it must be,  
 This wondrous strong Med'cine I'll shew presently:  
 Take nine pound of Thunder, six Legs of a Swan,  
*And you shall conceive without help of a man.*

The wool of a Frog,  
 The Juyce of a Log,  
 Well parboil'd together in the skin of a Hog,  
 With the Egg of a Moon-Calf, if get it you can,  
*And you shall conceive without help of a man.*

The Love of false Harlots,  
 The jaith of false Varlers,  
 With the truth of Decoys that walkin their Scarlets,  
 And the feathers of a Lobster well fry'd in a Pan,  
*And you shall conceive without help of a man.*

Nine drops of Rain  
 Brought hither from Spain,  
 With the Blast of a Bellows quise over the Main.  
 With eight quarts of Brimston brew'd in a Beer-can,  
*And you shall conceive without help of a man.*

Six Pottles of Lard,  
 Squeez'd from a Rock hard,  
 With nine Turkey-Eggs, each as long as a yard,  
 With a pudding of Hail-stones well bak'd in a pan,  
*And you shall conceive without help of a man.*

These Med'cines are good,  
 And approved have stood,  
 Well temper'd together with a pottle of Blood,  
 Squeez'd

Squeez'd from a Grasshopper, and the nail of a Swan,  
To make Maids conceive without help of a man.

## SONG CXC.

CAst away Care, all you that love sorrow,  
It lengthens not a day, nor can gain us to morrow;  
Money is but trash, and he that will spend it,  
Let him drink merrily, Fortune will send it.  
Then merrily, merrily, merrily, hey ho;  
Stand to it stilly boys, for we'll not part so.

Wine it is a Charm, and nourisheth the blood too,  
It makes a Coward arm'd, if that it be good too:  
It quickens the Wit, and makes the Back able,  
It scorns for to stoop to the Watch or Constable;  
Then merrily, &c.

The Bottle's fly about, Boys, then draw us more Liquor,  
We are brothers of a rout, Sirs, it makes our wits  
(quicker)  
Draw out the Cask then, score on we care not,  
Fill Pots and Bottles, Boys, drink all and spare not.  
Then merrily, &c.

## SONG CXCI.

WHat Creatures on earth  
Can boast freer mirth,  
Less envy'd and lov'd then we?  
Though Learning grow poor,  
We scorn to implore  
A Gift but what's noble and free:  
Our freedom of mind  
Cannot be confin'd,

With

With Riches we're inwardly blest ;  
 Nor Death, nor the Grave,  
 Our worths can deprave,  
 Nor Malice our Ashes molest :  
 When such Moles as you,  
 Your own earth shall mue,  
 And worms shall your Memory ear ;  
 Our names being read,  
 Shall strike Envy dead,  
 And Ages our worth shall repeat.

## SONG CXCI.

When *Orpheus* sweetly did complain,  
 Upon his Lute, with heavy strain,  
 How his *Euridice* was slain ;  
 The Trees to hear  
 Obtain'd an Ear,  
 And after left it off again.

Every stroke, and every stay,  
 The Boughs kept time, and nodding lay,  
 And listned, bending all one way ;  
 The Aspen-Tree,  
 As fast as he,  
 Began to shake, and learn to play.

If wood could speak, a Tree might hear ;  
 If wood could sound true Grief so near,  
 Tree might drop an Amber-Tear :

If wood so well  
 Could ring a Knell,  
 The Cypress might condole the Bier.

The standing Nobles of the Grove,  
 Caring dead wood to speak and move,



The fatal Ax began to love :  
 They envy'd Death,  
 Which gave such breath,  
 As Men alive do Saints above.

## SONG CXCIH.

O My *Chloris*, can those eyes  
 From whence such Glories shine,  
 Give light to every Soul that pries ;  
 And only be obscur'd to mine,  
 Who willingly my heart resign,  
 Inflam'd by you to be your Sacrifice ?  
 Send out one Beam t' enrich my Soul,  
 And chase this gloomy shade,  
 That does in Clouds about me roll,  
 And in my breast a Hell hath made ;  
 Where fire still burns, still flames invade :  
 And Lights power and comfort both controul.

Then out of Gratitude I'll send  
 Some of my flames to thee ;  
 Thus lovingly our Gifts we'll blend ;  
 And both in Joys shall wealthy be :  
 And Love, though blind, shall learn to see ;  
 Since you an eye to him and me can lend.

## SONG CXCIH.

When I pickles hang by the wall,  
 And Dick the Shepherd blows his nail,  
 And Tom bear Log into the Hall,  
 And Milk comes frozen home in pail ;  
 When blood is nipr, and ways be foul,  
 Then nightly sings the staring Owl,

Tu-whit

Tu whit-to-whoo, a merry note,  
While greasie *Jone* doth keel the Pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
And coughing drowns the Parsons saw,  
And Birds sit brooking in the snow,  
And *Marryans* Nose looks red and raw;  
When roasted Crabs hiss in the Bowl,  
Then nightly sings the staring Owl,  
To whit-to-whoo, a merry note,  
While greasie *Jone* doth keel the Pot.

## SONG CXCV.

**W**Hat a dainty life the Milk-maid leads,  
When over the flowry Meads  
She dabbles in the Dew,  
And sings to her Cow, and feels not the pain  
Of love or disdain.  
She sleeps in the night, though she toils in the day,  
And merrily passes her time away,  
And merily passes the time away.

## SONG CXCVI.

**H**Ave you any work for the Sow-gelders ho?  
My Horn goes too high, too low:  
Have you any Pigs, Calves, or Colts,  
Have you any Lambs in your hols,  
To cut for the Stone?  
Here comes a cunning one:  
Have you any Branches to spade,  
Or e'er a fair Maid,  
That would be a Nun?  
Come kiss me, 'tis done.  
Hark how my merry horn doth blow,  
Too high too low, too high too low.

SONG

## SONG CXCVII.

O ur Ru'ler hath got the Verrigo of State,  
 The world turns round in his Politick Pare;  
 He steers in a Sea where his course cannot last,  
 He bears too much sail for the strength of his mast.

Let him plot all he can,

Like a Politick man ;

Yet Love, though a Child, may fit him,

The small Archer, though blind,

Such an Arrow will find,

As with an old trick shall hit him.

Sure *Angelo* knows Loves Party is strong,  
 Love melts like soft Wax the hearts of the young,  
 And none are so old but they think of the taste,  
 And weep with remembrance of kindnesse past,

Let him plot all, &c.

Love in the foolish is held a mad fir,  
 And madness in fools is reckon'd for wit.  
 The wise value Love, as Fools wisdom prize,  
 Which when they cannot gain, they seem to despise.

Let him plot all, &c.

Cold Cowards all peril of anger shun,  
 The Dangers of Love, they leap when they run ;  
 Tha Valiant in frolicks did follow the Boy,  
 When he led them a dance from *Greece* unto *Troy*.

Let him plot all, &c.

## SONG CXCVIII.

G allants, Gallants, think it no scorn  
 That silly poor Swains in love should be ;  
 There is as much love in Rent and Torn,  
 As there is in Silks and Bravery.

The

The Beggar he loves his Lass as dear,  
 As he that hath thousands, thousands, thousands,  
 As he that hath thousands of pounds by the year.

## SONG CXCIX.

**W**hy should I my Liberty lose,  
 And be a slave to a womans fond passion ?  
 I am resolv'd for to refuse  
 To follow that dangerous fashion.  
     I will still  
     Command my will,  
 My kindness shall never undo me ;  
     I only lament  
     That I cannot content  
 Those Ladies so kind as to woo me.

Those men that have neither Livings nor Lands,  
 Nor any thing else to mainrain them,  
 They then may obey those Ladies Commands,  
 By whom they large fortunes may gain them.  
     Hot Love  
     Will suddenly prove  
 So sickly, 'twill fade like a Flower,  
     Which over-much heat  
     Will cause to retreat,  
 If it be not refresht with a shower.

Blame me not then, if for your own sakes  
 I deny your injurious desires,  
 For if there be not enough to make stakes,  
 The pleasure of Gaming expires.  
     Then be so just  
     As not to mistrust  
 Me guilty of scorn or presumption ;

Our Love

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I desire but to have  
Provision to save  
Our Loves from a fatal consumption,

SONG CC.

HAVE you observ'd the Wench in the street,  
Sh'as scarce any Hose or Shooes to her feet,  
Yet she is very merry, and when she cries, she sings,  
*Cha' hot Codlings, hot Codlings.*

Or have you ever seen or heard  
The Mortal with a Lyon tawny Beard?  
He lives as merrily as any heart can with,  
And still he cries, *Buy a Brish, buy a Brish.*

Since these are so merry, why should we take care?  
Musicians, like Cameleons, must live by the Air.

Then let's be blithe and bonny,  
And no good meeting balk;  
For when we have no money,  
We shall find chalk.

SONG CCI.

AFTER the pangs of a desperate Lover,  
When day and night I have sigh'd all in vain,  
Ah what a Joy it is to discover  
In her eyes pity that causeth my pain!  
*Cho. Ah what a Joy! &c.*

When her denial comes fainter and fainter,  
And her eyes give what her tongue does deny;  
Ah what a trembling I feel when I venture!  
Ah what a trembling does usher my Joy!  
*Cho. Ah what a trembling, &c.*

When

When with unkindness our love at a stand is,  
 And both have punish'd our selves with the pain ;  
 Ah what a pleasure the touch of her hand is,  
 Ah what a pleasure to press it again !  
*Cho.* Ah what a pleasure, &c.

When with a sigh she affords me the blessing,  
 And her eyes twinkle 'twixt pleasure and pain ;  
 Ah what a joy beyond all expressing,  
 Ah what a joy to hear it again !  
*Cho.* Ah what a joy, &c.

## SONG CCII.

**T**om went to marker, and Tom met with Tom :  
 Says Tom to Tom, How do'st do Tom ?  
 I Tom, you Tom ; well I thank thee Tom ;  
 How dost thou Tom ?

## SONG CCIII.

**H**Ang Sorrow, and cast away Care,  
 Come let us drink up our Sack ;  
 They say it is good to quicken the blood,  
 And for to strengthen the back.

'Tis wine that makes the thoughts aspire,  
 And fills the Body with heat ;  
 Besides it is good, if well understood,  
 To fit a man for the seat.

Then call, and drink up all  
 The Drawer is ready to fill ;  
 A fig for care, what need we spare ?  
 My father hath made his Will.

Song

## SONG CCIV.

MAke ready, fair Lady, to night ;  
 Come down to the door below ;  
 For I will be there  
 To receive you with care,  
 And with your true Love you shall go.

## REPLY.

AND when the Stars twinkle so bright,  
 Then down to the door will I creep ;  
 To my Love I will fly,  
 E'er the Jealous can spy,  
 And leave my old Daddy asleep.

## SONG CCV.

THIS *Amarillis* walking all alone,  
 In her Garden making moan,  
 In her Garden making moan,  
 For her *Coridon*,  
 That left her in the Grove, dying for Love,  
 Like a distressed Dove,  
 And then she with sighs, and sobs, and grievous groans,  
 Said, Farewel most sweet but unkind *Coridon*.

## SONG CCVI.

## A CATCH.

DOWN in a Dungeon deep,  
 I heard a fearful noise,  
 The Pris'ners could not sleep,  
 There were such roaring Boys.  
 They cry'd aloud, Some Tobacco, and Sacko, Sacko,  
 Quickly, quickly, quickly, quickly, quickly, Boys.

## SONG CCVII.

## A CATCH.

**H**ere's a Health to our Sovereign,  
 And all that love him;  
 Let every man take it,  
 And no man forsake it :  
 Alone let it pass,  
 Take every mans Glas :  
 Come take off your Liquor,  
 'Twill make you sing quicker.  
 Good Fates still attend him,  
 And ever defend him :  
 Fair Victory crown  
 His Name with Renown.

## SONG CCVIII.

**S**EE ! see ! my *Chloris* comes in yonder Bark :  
 Blow gently, Winds ; for if ye sink that Ark,  
 You'll drown the world with tears, and at one breath  
 Give to us all an universal Death.

Hark ! hark ! how *Arion* on a Dolphin plays  
 To my sweet Shepherdess his Roundelays.  
 See how the Syrens flock do wait upon her,  
 As Queen of Love, and they her Maids of Honour !

Behold ! Great *Neptune's* risen from the Deep  
 With all his *Tritons*, and begins to sweep  
 The rugged Waves into a smoother form,  
 Not leaving one small wrinkle of a storm.

Mark how the Winds stand still, and on her gaze !  
 See how her Beauty doth the Fish amaze !



The Whales have begg'd this boon of Wind and Weather,  
 That on their backs they may convey her higher, (ther,  
 And see, the lands ! Just like the Rising Sun,  
 That leaves the Briny Lake when Night is done.  
 Fly, fly, *Amyntas* to thy envy'd Bliss ;  
 Let not th' Earth rob thee of her Greeting-kiss.

## SONG CCIX.

OF late in the *Park* a fine Fancy was seen,  
 Betwixt an old *Bawd* and a lusty young *Queen*,  
 Their parting of money began this uproar ;  
 I'll have half, says the *Bawd*, but you shan't, says the  
 Why 'tis my own house : (Whore.  
 I care not a Loufe ;  
 I'll have three parts of four, or you get not a Soule ;  
 'Tis I, says the Whore, that must take all the pains,  
 And you shall be damn'd ere you get half the gains.

The *Bawd* being vexed, straight to her did say,  
 Come off with your *Dud's*, and I pray pack away ;  
 And likewise your *Ribbons*, your *Gloves*, and your *Hair*,  
 For naked you came, and so out you go bare :

Then th' *Buttocks* so bold

Began for to scold,

*Hurry-Dan* was not able her Clack for to hold :

Both Pell-mell fell to it, and made this uproar,

With these Complements, Thou'rt a *Bawd*, Thou'rt a  
 (Whore.

The *Bawds* and the *Buttocks* that lived there round,  
 Came all to this Case, both Pocky and Sound,  
 To see what the reason was of this same fray,  
 That so did disturb them before it was day :

If I tell you amiss,

Let me never piss,

This *Buttock* so bold, her name was call'd *Siss*;  
By *Quissing* with *Cullies* three pound she has got,  
And but one part of four that must fall to her lot.

Then all the *Bawds* cry'd, Let us turn her out bare,  
Unless she will yield to return you half share;  
If she will not, we'll help to strip off her Cloaths,  
And turn her abroad with a *slit* on her Nose;

Who when she did see

There was no Remedie

For her from the tyrannous *Bawds* to get free;  
The *Whore* from the money was forced to yield,  
And in the conclusion the *Bawds* got the field.

### SONG CCX.

From the Temple to the Board,

From the Board unto the Bed,

We conduct your Maidenhead,

Wishing *Hymen* to afford

All the Pleasures that he can,

'Twixt a VWoman and a Man.

So merrily, merrily we pass along,

VWith our joyful, with our joyful Bridal Song.

### SONG CCXI.

*Cupid* is *Venus* only Joy,

But he is a wanton Boy;

He shoots at Ladies naked Breasts,

He is the cause of most mens Crests,

I mean upon the Forehead,

Invisible, but horrid;

'Twas he first thought upon the way

To keep a Ladies Lips in play.

Song

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## SONG CCXII.

Come my Heney, my Douse, my Dell, my Dear,  
We have neither House nor Land, yet never want  
(good cheer.

We take no care for Lands nor Rents,  
We lye, we swear,  
We sport in Tents;  
We rouse betimes, and quickly steal our Dinners;  
We're ne'er taken  
Without Hens and Bacon,  
And that's good meat for Sinners.  
At Wakes and at Fairs we cozen  
Poor Countrey Folks by the dozen.  
Some one disburles,  
Whilst the other they pick their purses;  
When thus out of use,  
We cover our cloaths,  
Our Boots and our jingling Rowels,  
With shirts or with smocks, with sheets or with rowels.  
We dance and we frisk,  
And merrily whisk  
Our morrice unto the Tabor;  
The fools that would see  
My *Marrian* and me,  
We tickle their Fobs for their labour.  
Then live with us, with us, all you that love your  
He that's a Gypsie, (eases;  
May be drunk or tipsie,  
At any hour he pleases.  
We laugh, we quaff, we ruffle;  
Then live with us, &c.

## SONG CCXIII.

WE all see how faith and fame  
Are followed by desire and shame!

O

How

How that Women wanton are,  
 Their follies foul, their faces fair;  
 Oh a handsome Maid 'did moan,  
 Alas, for her Maiden-head was gone;  
 For loss of which she did ask men, (Cen-head,  
 Till that she were sped, who 'twas had found her Maid-  
 I'th City, Sir, we saw besides the market-place,  
 A Maid that cry'd, a handsome Maid, gone it was,  
 Tell me, O tell me, where have you been,  
 And what have you seen?  
 Did you hear what was her moan,  
 Oh her Maiden-head was gone,  
 Maids that do lose that jewel amongst men,  
 They know not how to find it, find it they know not  
 (when,

## SONG CCXIV.

**T**He *Spaniard* loves his ancient step,  
 A *Lombard* the *Venetian*,  
 And some like breechless women go,  
 The *Rush*, *Turk*, *Jew*, and *Grecian*.

The thrifry *French man* wears small waste,  
 The *Dutch* his belly boasteth.  
 The *English man* is for them all,  
 And for each fashion coasteth.

The *Turk* in linnen wraps his head,  
 The *Persian* his in lawn too,  
 The *Rush* with sable furs his Cap,  
 And change will not be drawn to.

The *Spaniard* constant to his Black,  
 The *French* inconstant ever,  
 But of all Felts that may be felt,  
 Give me the *English* Bever,

The

The *German* loves his *Coney-wool*,  
 The *Irish* man his *shag* too;  
 The *Welsh* his *Monmouth* loves to wear,  
 And of the same will brag too.

Some love the rough, and some the smooth:  
 Some great, and others small things,  
 But oh our liquorish *English* man,

He loves to deal in all things.

The *Rush* drinks *Quass*, *Dueth* *Lubeck* Beer,  
 And that is strong and mighty;  
 The *Britain* he *Met beglin* quaffs,  
 The *Irish* *Aqua vita*.

The *French* affects the *Orleans* Grape,  
 The *Spaniard* sips his *Sherry*,  
 The *English* none of these can scape,  
 But he with all makes merry.

The *Italian* in her high *Chopen*,  
 Scotch Lads and lovely *Vroe* too,  
 The *Spanish* *Donna*, *French* *Madam*,  
 He doth not fear to go to.

Nothing so full of hazard, dread,  
 Nought lives above the Center  
 No health, no fashion, wine, nor wench,  
 On which he will not venture.

### SONG CCXV.

NOW, now, *Lucatia*, now make haste,  
 If thou wilt see how strong thou art,  
 There needs but one frown more, to waste  
 The whole remainder of my heart.

Alas undone, to Fate I bow my head,  
Ready to die, now die,  
And now, now, now am dead.

You look to have an Age of tryal,  
Ere you a Lover will repay,  
But my state brooks no more denyal,  
I cannot this one minute stay.  
Alas undone, to fate I bow my head,  
Ready to die, now die,  
And now, now, now am dead.

Look in my wound, and see how cold,  
How pale and gasping my Soul lies,  
Which Nature strives in vain to hold,  
Whilst wing'd with sighs away it flies.  
Alas undone, to fate I bow my head,  
Ready to die, now die,  
And now, now, now am dead.

See, see, already Charon's Boat,  
Who grimly asks, Why all this stay?  
Hark how the fatal Sisters shout,  
And now they call, Away, away.  
Alas undone, to fate I bow my head,  
Ready to die, now die,  
And now, O now am dead.

## SONG CCXVI.

WHENAS Leander young was drown'd,  
No heart by love receiv'd a wound,  
But on a Rock himself far by,  
There weeping superabundantly.  
His head upon his hand he laid,  
And sighing deeply, thus he said:

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Which

Ah cruel fate! and looking on't,  
 Wept as he'd drown the *Hellespont*;  
 And sure his tongue had more exprest,  
 Had not his tears, had not his tears,  
 Had not his tears forbad the rest.

## SONG CCXVII.

I Dote, I dote, but am a Sot to show't,  
 I was a very fool to let her know't;  
 For now she doth so cunning grow,  
 She proves a Friend worse then a Foe.  
 She will not hold me fast, nor let me go.  
 She tells me, I cannot forsake her,  
 Then straight I endeavour to leave her,  
 But to make me to stay,  
 Throws a kiss in my way,  
 O then I could tarry for ever:  
 Thus I retire,  
 Salute and sit down by her,  
 There do I fry in frost, and freez in fire.  
 Now Nectar from her Lips I sup,  
 And though I cannot drink all up,  
 Yet I am fox'd with kissing of the Cup;  
 For her Lips are two Brimmers of Claret,  
 Where first I began to miscarry;  
 Her Breasts of delight  
 Are two Bottles of White,  
 And her Eyes are two Cups of Canary.  
 Drunk as I live,  
 Dead drunk beyond reprieve,  
 And all my senses driven though a sieve.  
 About my Neck her Arms she lay'th,  
 Now all is Gospel that she saith,  
 Which I lay hold on with my fuddled faith.

I find a fond Lover's a Drunkard,  
 And dangerous is when he flies out,  
 With hips and with lips,  
 With black eyes and white thighs,  
 Blind *Cupid* sure tiptled his eyes out.  
 She bids me rise,  
 Tells me I must be wise  
 Like her, for she is not in love, she cries;  
 This makes me fret, and fling, and throw,  
 Shall I be fetter'd to my foe?  
 I begin to run, but cannot go:  
 I prethee Sweet use me more kindly,  
 You were better to hold me fast,  
 If you once disingage  
 Your Bird from his Cage,  
 Believe it he'll leave you at last.  
 Like Sor I sit,  
 That fill'd the Town with wit,  
 But now confess I have most need of it;  
 I have been fox'd with Duck and Dear,  
 Above a quarter of a year,  
 Beyond the cure of sleeping, or small Beer.  
 I think I can number the months too,  
*July, August, September, October,*  
 Thus goes my account,  
 A mischief light on't,  
 But sure I shall go when I'm sober.  
 My legs are lam'd,  
 My courage is quite tam'd,  
 My heart and all my body is enflam'd.  
 As by experience I can prove,  
 And swear by all the powers above,  
 'Tis better to be drunk with wine than love;  
 For 'tis Sack makes us merry and witty,  
 Our fore-heads with Jewels adorning,

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Although we do grope,  
 Yet there is some hope  
 That a man may be sober next morning.  
 Thus with command,  
 She throws me from her hand  
 And bids me go, yet knows I cannot stand;  
 I measure all the ground by trips,  
 Was ever Sot so drunk with sips,  
 Or can a man be over-seen with lips?  
 I pray Madam fickle be faithful,  
 And leave off your damnable dodging,  
 Then do not deceive me,  
 And let me go home to my lodging.  
 I have too much,  
 And yet my folly's such,  
 I cannot hold, but must have t'other touch;  
 Here's a Health to the King: How now?  
 I'm drunk, and could charter I vow,  
 Lovers and fools say any thing you know;  
 I fear I have tyr'd your patience,  
 But I'm sure 'tis I have the wrong on't,  
 My wit hath bereft me,  
 And all that is left me,  
 Is but enough to make a Song on't:  
 My Mistress and I  
 Shall never comply;  
 And there's the short and the long on't.

## SONG CCXVIII.

**L**et back and sides go bare,  
 Let hands and feet grow cold,  
 Let my belly have but Ale enough,  
 Whether it be new or old,  
 Whether it be new or old boys  
 Whether it be new or old,

Let my Belly have but Ale enough,  
Whether it be new or old,

## SONG CCXIX.

Where-ever I am, or whatever I do,  
My *Phillis* is still in my mind;  
When angry, I mean not to *Phillis* to go,  
My feet of themselves the way find;  
Unknown to my self I am just at the door,  
And when I would rail, I can get out no more  
Than, *Phillis* too fair and unkind,

When my *Phillis* I see, my heart bounds in my brest,  
And the love it would still: is shown;  
Asleep or awake I am never at rest,  
When from my eyes *Phillis* is gone,  
Sometimes a sweet dream doth delude my sad mind,  
But alas! when I wake, and no *Phillis* I find,  
I sigh to my self all alone.

## SONG CCXX.

*Phillis*, for shame let us improve  
A thousand several ways,  
Those few short minutes snatch'd by Love,  
From many tedious days.  
If you want courage to despise  
The Censures of the Grave;  
For all the Tyrants in your Eyes,  
Your heart is but a Slave.

My Love is full of Noble Pride,  
Nor ever shall submit  
To let the Fop Discretion ride  
In triumph over Wit,  
False Friends I have as well as you,  
Who daily counsel me

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Fame and Ambition to pursue,  
 And leave off loving thee.  
 When I the least be iet bestow  
 On what such fools advise,  
 May I be dull enough to grow  
 Most miserably wise.

## SONG CCXXI.

Come, let us laugh, let us drink, let us sing,  
 The Winter is with us as good as the Spring;  
 We care not a feather  
 For wind nor foul weather,  
 By night and by day  
 We sport and we play,  
 Conferring our notes, conferring our notes,  
 Conferring our notes together.

## SONG CCXXII.

While I listen to thy voice,  
*Chloris* I feel my life decay;  
 That powerful noise  
 Calls my fltering Soul away.  
 O suppress that Magick sound,  
 Which destroys without a wound.  
 Peace, peace, *Chloris*, peace, or singing die,  
 That together thou and I  
 To Heaven may go;  
 For all we know  
 What the Blessed do above,  
 Is, That they sing, and that they love.

## SONG CCXXIII.

Men of War march bravely on,  
 The Field is easie to be won.  
 There's no danger in that War  
 Where Lips both Swords and Bucklers are.

Here's no cold to chill you,  
 A Bed of downs your field,  
 Here's no Sword to kill you,  
 Unless you please to yield.  
 Here's nothing to incumber,  
 Here will be no scars to number.

## SONG CCXXIV.

**P**hyllis it is not in your power,  
 To say how long our Love will last,  
 It may be we within this hour,  
 May loose those joys we now may tast,  
 The blessed that Immortal be,  
 From change in Love are only free.

And though you now Immortal seem,  
 Such is the exactness of your frame;  
 Those that your beauty so esteem,  
 Will find it cannot last the same,  
 Love from mine eyes has stoln his fire,  
 As apt to wast, and to expire.

Then since we mortal Lovers are  
 Let's question not how long it will last,  
 But while we Love let us take care,  
 Each minute be with pleasure past;  
 It were a madness to deny,  
 To live because we are sure to dye.

Fear not though Love and beauty fail,  
 My reason shall my heart direct,  
 Your kindness now will then prevail,  
 And passion turn into respect,  
 Phyllis at worst you'l in the end;  
 But change your Lover for a friend.

SONG.

SONG CCXXV. *A Catch.*

**H**Ave you any work for a Tinker Mistress,  
 Old brass, old pots, old kettles,  
 Ile mend them all with a Tink, terre tink,  
 And never hurt your mettals.  
 First let me have a touch of your Ale,  
 'Twill steel me against cold weather,  
 Or Tinkers freeze,  
 Or Viatners lees,  
 Or Tobacco chuse you whether.  
 But of your Ale,  
 Your nappy Ale,  
 I would I had a Ferkin,  
 For I am old,  
 And very very cold,  
 And never wear a Jerkin.

## SONG CCXXVI.

**U**Pon thy fair tresses (which *Phæbus* excel)  
 My diligent fingers Ile twist,  
 O there's my desire for ever to dwell,  
 And I hope thou wilt never resist.  
*And ere and anon I will sip,*  
*Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.*

Upon thy fair breast, Ile be mounted aloft,  
 And there in my Chariot Ile feel,  
 The grain of thy body more precious and soft,  
 Than the web of *Ariadnes* wheel.  
*And ere and anon, &c.*

Ile wander abroad in the veins, and Ile seek  
 The mazes of pleasure and love,  
 The Garden of *Venus* it is in thy Cheeks;  
 And thither my fancy shall move.  
*And ere and anon, &c.*

There

There on the Lillies and Roses I'll light,  
 And gather my Sweets like the Bee;  
 And I will not go far for a Lodging at night,  
 For surely the Hive shall be thee.  
*And e'er and anon, &c.*

Where when I am hurl'd, my Nest I will build  
 Of Honey-combs all in a Rank;  
 I'll buz in each Corner until it be fill'd,  
 And make thee more full in the Flank.  
*And e'er and anon, &c.*

Come then with a Cornish, let us combine,  
 (I know thou canst easily do't)  
 Thou shalt take my heart, and I will take thine,  
 And I'll give thee my han' to boot.  
*And e'er and anon I would sip  
 Electar and Nectar that flows from thy Lip.*

## SONG CCXXVII.

**B**Ring back my Comforts, and return;  
 For well thou know'st that I, that I,  
 In such a vigorous passion burn,  
 That missing thee, I die.  
 Return, return, insult no more;  
 Return, return, and me restore  
 To those sequestred Joys I had before.

Absence in most that quenches Love,  
 And cools their warm desire;  
 The ardour of my heart improves,  
 And makes the flame aspire:  
 The maxime therefore I deny,  
 And term it, though a tyranny,  
 The Nurse to Faith, to Constancy.

SONG

## SONG CCXXVIII.

Tell me, prethee, faithless Swain,  
 Tell me, prethee, faithless Swain,  
 Why you did such passion feign,  
 On purpose to deceive me?  
 I no sooner lov'd again,  
 But you again do leave me.

*Phillis* we must blame our fate,  
*Phillis* we must blame our fate;  
 Kindness bears a certain date,  
 And e'er those Joys we tasted,  
 You in peevishness and state,  
 The time had almost wasted.

'Twas my Love did yours destroy,  
 'Twas my Love did yours destroy;  
*Strephon*, had I still been coy,  
 I know you still would prize me:  
 Think or dream you do enjoy,  
 And then you'll not despise me.

Love like other native fires,  
 Love like other native fires,  
 Leaves what's burnt, and strait desires  
 Fresh objects to be chusing:  
 Repetition always tires,  
 And all's the worse for using.

Once again thy Love pursue,  
 Once again thy Love pursue,  
 And my scorns I will renew,  
 But passion doth so sway me,  
 That should I my sighs subdue,  
 My tears would soon betray me.

Sigh no more, nor weep in vain,  
 Sigh no more, nor weep in vain,  
 Nymph your beauty soon will gain,  
 A more deserving Lover,  
 Slaves that once have broken their Chain,  
 You hardly can recover.

## SONG CCXXIX.

AH *Chloris* that I now could sir,  
 As unconcern'd as when,  
 Your Infant beauty could beget,  
 No pleasure, nor no pain.

When I the dawn use to admire,  
 And prais'd the coming day,  
 I little thought the growing fire,  
 Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless Childhood lay,  
 Like metals in the mine,  
 Age from no face, took more away,  
 Then youth conceal'd in thine.

But as your *Charms* insensibly,  
 To their perfection prest,  
 Fond love as unperceiv'd did fly,  
 And in my bosome rest.

My passion with your beauty grew,  
 And *Cupid* at my heart,  
 Still as his Mother favour'd you,  
 Threw a new flaming dart.

Each glory'd in their wanton part,  
 To make a Lover, he  
 Employ'd the utmost of his Art;  
 To make a beauty she.

Though



Though now I slowly bend to love,  
 Uncertain of my fate,  
 If your fair self my chains approve,  
 I shall my freedome hate.

Lovers like dying men may well,  
 At first disorder'd be,  
 Since none alive can truly tell,  
 What fortune they may see.

## SONG CCXXX.

[ Pass all my hours in a shady old grove,  
 But I live not a day when I see not my love.  
 I survey er'y walk now my *Phillis* is gone,  
 And sigh when I think me there all alone.  
 O then O then, I think there's no Hell,  
 Like loving, like loving too well.

But each shade, and each conscious bower when I find,  
 Where I once had been happy, and she had been kind,  
 When I see the print left of her shape in the green,  
 And Imagine the pleasure may yet come again,  
 Oh then 'tis oh then I think my joy above  
 The pleasures the pleasures of love.

Whilst alone to my self I repeat all her Charms,  
 She I lov'd may be lockt in another mans arms,  
 She may laugh at my cares and so false she may be,  
 To say all the kind things, she before said of me,  
 O then 'tis, O then I think there's no Hell,  
 Like loving, like loving too well.

But when I consider the truth of her heart,  
 Such an Innocent passion so kind without art,  
 I fear I have wrong'd her and so she may be,  
 So full of true Love to be jealous of me.

And

And then 'tis, O then, I think no Joy above  
The pleasures, the pleasures of Love.

## SONG CCXXXI.

He that with Love is not posselt,  
Has not for that the harder heart,  
I think the softer and more tender brest, (Dart.  
Would dull, would dull, would dull and damp the

Away with melancholy fits,  
Whose strange effect our eyes disarm,  
Deposes Beauty, and distracts our Wits,  
Whilst we grow pale, grow pale, and lose our Charms.

Love does against it self conspire,  
Such languishing Desire imparts,  
That quench the fewel, yet preserve the fire,  
Clouding those eyes, those eyes whence Love takes (Darts.

A

A

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After  
Amint  
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Bacch  
Behol  
Bring

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Disputes

Disput  
Dear  
Damon  
Drink  
Down

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Fill up  
Fly bo  
Fair C  
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Gallant

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Ho  
Have yo  
How ha  
Have yo  
How sev  
Have yo  
Hang up  
Hang so

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# *A Table.*

## L.

63		
84		
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88		
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T.



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*A Table.*

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 for cotton 4  
 for cotton 2 lb. 6  
 for cotton 2 lb. 6  
 for bones and cotton 7